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THE TRUANTS.

BY A. E. W. MASON.

CHAPTER XXII.

MR. MUDGE'S CONFESSION.

ON the following morning a telegram was brought to Pamela at her father's house in Leicestershire. It came from Mr. Mudge, and contained these words : ' Important that I should see you. Coming down. Please be at home at two.' Punctually Mr. Mudge arrived. Pamela received him in her own sitting-room. She was waiting with a restless anxiety, and hardly waited for the door to be closed.

' You have bad news for me,' she said. ' Oh, I know ! You are a busy man. You would not have come down to me had you not bad news. I am very grateful for your coming, but you have bad news.'

' Yes,' said Mr. Mudge, gravely ; ' news so bad that you must ask your other friend to help you. I can do nothing here.'

It cost Mr. Mudge a little to acknowledge that he was of no avail in this particular instance. He would rather have served Pamela himself, had it been possible. He was fully aware of his age, and his looks, and his limitations. He was quite willing to stand aside for the other friend ; indeed, he wished, with all his heart, that she should be happy with some mate of her own people. But at the same time he wished her to owe as much as possible of her happiness to him. He was her friend, but there was just that element of jealousy in his friendship which springs up when the

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friends are man and woman. Pamela understood that it meant some abnegation on his part to bid her call upon another than himself. She was still more impressed, in consequence, with the gravity of the news he had to convey.

'Is it Mr. Callon?' she asked.

'Yes,' he replied. 'It is imperative that Sir Anthony Stretton should return, and return at once. Of that I am very sure.'

'You have seen Mr. Callon?' asked Pamela.

'And Lady Stretton. They were together.'

'When?'

'Last night. In Regent's Park.'

Pamela hesitated. She was doubtful how to put her questions. She said:

'And you are sure the trouble is urgent?'

Mr. Mudge nodded his head.

'Very sure. I saw them together. I saw the look on Lady Stretton's face. It was a clear night. There was a lamp too, in the cab. I passed them as Callon got out and said "Good-night."'

Pamela sat down in a chair, and fixed her troubled eyes on her companion.

'Did they see you?'

Mr. Mudge smiled.

'No.'

'Let me have the whole truth,' cried Pamela. 'Tell me the story from the beginning. How you came to see them—everything.'

Mr. Mudge sat down in his turn. He presented to her a side of his character which she had not hitherto suspected. She listened, and was moved to sympathy, as no complaint could ever have moved her; and Mr. Mudge was the last man to complain. Yet the truth came out clearly. Outwardly prosperous and enviable, he had yet inwardly missed all. A man of so wide a business, so many undertakings, so occupied a life, it was natural to dissociate him from the ordinary human sympathies and desires. It seemed that he could have neither time nor inclination to indulge them. But here he was, as he had once done before, not merely admitting their existence within him, but confessing that they were far the greater part of him, and that because they had been thwarted, the prosperous external life of business to which he seemed so ardently enchained was really of little account. He spoke very simply. Pamela lost sight of the business machine altogether. Here was a

man, like another, telling her that through his vain ambitions his life had gone astray. She found a pathos in the dull and unimpressive look of him—his bald, uncomely head, his ungraceful figure. There was a strange contrast between his appearance and the fanciful antidote for disappointment which had brought him into Regent's Park when Callon and Lady Stretton were discussing their future course.

'I told you something of my history at Newmarket,' he said. 'You must remember what I told you, or you will not understand.'

'I remember very well,' said Pamela, gently. 'I think that I shall understand.'

Pamela of late, indeed, had gained much understanding. Two years ago the other point of view was to her always without interest. As often as not she was unaware that it existed; when she was aware, she dismissed it without consideration. But of late her eyes had learned to soften at the troubles of others, her mind to be perplexed with their perplexities.

'Yes,' said Mudge, nodding his head, with a smile towards her. 'You will understand now.'

And he laid so much emphasis upon the word that Pamela looked up in surprise.

'Why now?' she asked.

'Because, recently, imagination has come to you. I have seen, I have noticed. Imagination, the power to see clearly, the power to understand—perhaps the greatest gift which love has in all his big box of gifts.'

Pamela coloured at his words. She neither admitted nor denied the suggestion they contained.

'I have therefore no fear that you will misunderstand,' Mr. Mudge insisted. 'I told you that my career, such as it is, has left me a very lonely man amongst a crowd of acquaintances who are no more in sympathy with me than I myself am in sympathy with them. I did not tell you that I had found a way of alleviation.'

'No,' said Pamela. She was at a loss to understand how this statement of her companion was connected with his detection of Callon and Lady Stretton; but she had no doubt there was a connection. Mudge was not of those who take a pride in disclosing the details of their life and character in and out of season. If he spoke of himself, he did so with a definite reason, which bore upon the business in hand. 'No; on the contrary you said that you

could not go back and start afresh. You had too much upon your hands. You were fixed in your isolation.'

'I did not even then tell you all the truth. I could not go back half-way, that is true. I do not think I would find any comfort in that course even if I could; but I can and I do go back all the way at times. I reconstruct the days when I was very, very poor, and yet full of hope, full of confidence. I do not mean that I sit in front of my fire and tell myself the story. I do much more. I actually live them over again, so far as I can. That puzzles you,' he said, with a laugh.

Pamela, indeed, was looking at him with a frown of perplexity upon her forehead.

'How do you live them again?' she asked. 'I don't understand.'

'In this way,' said Mudge. 'I keep an old, worn-out suit of clothes locked up in a cupboard. Well, when I find the house too lonely, and my servants, with their noiseless tread, get on to my nerves, I just put on that suit of clothes and revisit the old haunts where I used to live forty and fifty years ago. Often I have come back from a dinner party, let myself in at my front door, and slipped out of a side entrance half-an-hour later on one of my pilgrimages. You would never know me; you might toss me a shilling, that's all. Of course, I have to be careful. I am always expecting to be taken up as a thief as I slink away from the house. I would look rather a fool if that happened, wouldn't I?' and he laughed. 'But it never has yet.' He suddenly turned to her. 'I enjoy myself upon those jaunts, you know; I really enjoy myself. I like the secrecy. To slip out of the great, silent house, to get clear away from the pictures, and the furniture, and the obedience, and to tramp down into the glare and the noise of the big streets, and to turn into some pothouse where once, years ago, I used to take my supper and dream of the future. It's a sort of hide-and-seek in itself.' He laughed again, and then suddenly became serious. 'But it's much more than that—ever so much more.'

'Where do you go?' asked Pamela.

'It depends upon the time I have. If it's early I go down to Deptford, very often. I get into a tram and ride down a street where I once wandered all night because I hadn't the price of a lodging. I look at the old cookshop where I used to flatten my nose against the glass and dream that I had the run of my teeth.

I get down and go into a public-house, say, with a sanded floor, and have a sausage and mash and a pot of beer, just as I was doing forty years ago, when this or that scheme, which turned out well, first came into my head. But don't misunderstand,' Mudge exclaimed. 'I don't set off upon these visits for the satisfaction of comparing what I was then with what I have become. It is to get back to what I was then, as nearly as I can; to recapture, just for a moment, some of the high hopes, some of the anticipations of happiness to be won which I felt in those days; to forget that the happiness has never been won, that the high hopes were for things not worth the trouble spent in acquiring them. I was wet, very often hungry, always ill-clothed; but I was happy in those days, Miss Mardale, though very likely I didn't know it. I was young, the future was mine, a solid reality; and the present—why, that was a time of work and dreams. There's nothing much better than that combination, Miss Mardale—work and dreams!'

He repeated the words wistfully, and was silent for a moment. No doubt those early struggles had not been so pleasant as they appeared in the retrospect; but time had stripped them of their bitterness and left to Mr. Mudge just that part of them which was worth remembering.

'I had friends in those days,' he went on. 'I wonder what has become of them all? In all my jaunts I have never seen one.'

'And where else do you go?' asked Pamela.

'Oh, many places. There's a little narrow market between Shaftesbury Avenue and Oxford Street, where the gas-jets flare over the barrows on a Saturday night, and all the poor people go marketing. That's a haunt of mine. I was some time, too, when I was young, at work near the Marylebone Road. There's a tavern near Madame Tussaud's where I used to go and have supper at the counter in the public bar. Do you remember the night of Lady Millingham's reception, when we looked out of the window and saw Sir Anthony Stretton? Well, I supped at that tavern in the Marylebone Road on that particular night. I was hard put to it, too, when I used to work in Marylebone. I slept for three nights in Regent's Park. There's a coffee-stall close to the bridge, just outside the park, on the north side.'

Pamela started, and Mudge nodded his head.

'Yes; that is how I came to see Lady Stretton and Mr. Callon. A hansom cab drove past me just as I crossed the road to go out of the gate to the coffee-stall. I noticed it enough to see that it

held a man and a woman in evening dress, but no more. I stayed at the coffee-stall for a little while talking with the cabmen and the others who were about it, and drinking my coffee. As I returned into the park the cab drove past me again. I thought it was the same cab, from the casual glance I gave, and with the same people inside it. They had driven round, were still driving round. It was a fine night, a night of spring, fresh, and cool, and very pleasant. I did not wonder; I rather sympathised with them,' he said, with a smile. 'You see, I have never driven round Regent's Park at night with a woman I cared for beside me'; and again the wistful note was very audible in his voice; and he added, in a low voice, 'That was not for me.'

He shook the wistfulness from him and resumed:

'Well, as I reached the south side of the park, and was close by Park Place, the cab came towards me again, and pulled up. Callon got out. I saw him clearly. I saw quite clearly, too, who was within the cab. So you see there is danger. Mere friends do not drive round and round Regent's Park at night.'

Mr. Mudge rose, and held out his hand.

'I must get back to town. I have a fly waiting to take me to the station,' he said.

Pamela walked with him to the door of the house. As they stood in the hall she said:

'I thanked you, before you spoke at all, for putting your business aside for my sake, and coming down to me. I thank you still more now, and for another reason. I thank you for telling me what you have told me about yourself. Such confessions,' and she smiled upon the word, 'cannot be made without great confidence in the one they are made to.'

'I have that confidence,' said Mudge.

'I know. I am glad,' replied Pamela; and she resumed: 'They cannot be made, either, without creating a difference. We no longer stand where we did before they were made. I always looked upon you as my friend; but we are far greater friends now, is not that so?'

She spoke with great simplicity and feeling, her eyes glistened a little, and she added: 'You are not living now with merely acquaintances around you.'

Mr. Mudge took her hand.

'I am very glad that I came,' he said; and, mounting into the fly, he drove away.

Pamela went back to the house and wrote out a telegram to Warrisdén. She asked him to come at once to—and then she paused. Should he come here? No; there was another place, with associations for her which had now grown very pleasant and sweet to her thoughts. She asked him to meet her at the place where they had once kept tryst before—the parlour of the inn upon the hill in the village of the Three Poplars.

CHAPTER XXIII.

ROQUEBRUNE REVISITED.

THERE, accordingly, they met on the following afternoon. Pamela rode across the level country between the Croft Hill which overhung her house, and the village. In front of her the three poplars pointed skywards from the ridge. She was anxious and troubled. It seemed to her that Millie Stretton was slipping beyond her reach; but the sight of those trees lightened her of some portion of her distress. She was turning more and more in her thoughts towards Warrisdén whenever trouble knocked upon her door. In the moment of greatest perplexity his companionship, or even the thought of it, rested her like sleep. As she came round the bend of the road at the foot of the hill, she saw him coming down the slope towards her. She quickened her horse, and trotted up to him.

‘You are here already?’ she said. ‘I am very glad. I was not sure that I had allowed you time enough.’

‘Oh, yes,’ said Warrisdén. ‘I came at once. I guessed why you wanted me from the choice of our meeting-place. We meet at Quetta, on the same business which brought us together at Quetta before. Is not that so?’

‘Yes,’ said Pamela.

They walked to the door of the inn at the top of the hill. An ostler took charge of Pamela’s horse, and they went within to the parlour.

‘You want me to find Stretton again?’ said Warrisdén.

Pamela looked at him remorsefully.

‘Well, I do,’ she answered; and there was compunction in the tone of her voice. ‘I would not ask you unless the matter was very urgent. I have used you for my needs, I know, with too little consideration for you, and you very generously and willingly

have allowed me to use you. So I am a little ashamed to come to you again.'

Here were strange words from Pamela. They were spoken with hesitation, too, and the colour burned in her cheeks. Warrisen was surprised to hear them. He laid his hand upon her arm and gave it a little affectionate shake.

'My dear, I am serving myself,' he said, 'just as much as I am serving you. Don't you understand that? Have you forgotten our walk under the elms in Lady Millingham's garden? If Tony returned, and returned in time, why, then you might lay your finger on the turnpike gate and let it swing open of its own accord. I remember what you said. Tony's return helps me, so I help myself in securing his return.'

Pamela's face softened into a smile.

'Then you really do not mind going?' she went on. 'I am remorseful, in a way, because I asked you to go once before in this very room, and nothing came of all your trouble. I want you to believe now that I could not ask you again to undergo the same trouble, or even more, as it may prove, were not the need ever so much more urgent than it was then.'

'I am sorry to hear that the need is more urgent,' Warrisen replied; 'but, on the other hand, the trouble I shall have to bear is much less, for I know where Stretton is.'

Pamela felt that half of the load of anxiety was taken from her shoulders.

'You do?' she exclaimed.

Warrisen nodded.

'And what he is doing. He is serving with the Foreign Legion in Algeria. I thought you might want to lay your hands on him again, and I wished to be ready. Chance gave me a clue—an envelope with a postmark. I followed up the clue by securing an example of Stretton's handwriting. It was the same handwriting as that which directed the envelope, so I was sure.'

'Thank you,' said Pamela. 'Indeed, you do not fail me'; and her voice was musical with gratitude.

'He was at Ain-Sefra, a little town on the frontier of Algeria,' Warrisen resumed. And Pamela interrupted him:

'Then I need not make so heavy a demand upon you after all,' she said. 'It was only a letter which I was going to ask you to carry to Tony. Now there is no necessity that you should go at all, for I can post it.'

She produced the letter from a pocket of her coat as she spoke.

'Ah, but will it reach Stretton if you do?' said Warrisdén.

Pamela had already seated herself at the table, and was drawing the inkstand towards her. She paused at Warrisdén's question, and looked up.

'Surely Ain-Sefra, Algeria, will find him?'

'Will it?' Warrisdén repeated. He sat down at the table opposite to her. 'Even if it does, will it reach him in time? You say the need is urgent. Well, it was last summer when I saw the postmark on the envelope, two days after we talked together in Lady Millingham's garden. I had business in London.'

'I remember,' said Pamela.

'My business was just to find out where Stretton was hiding himself. He was at Ain-Sefra then; he may be at Ain-Sefra now. But it is a small post, and he may not. The headquarters of the Legion are at Sidi Bel-Abbès, in the north. He may be there, or he may be altogether out of reach on some Saharan expedition.'

There was yet another possibility which occurred to both their minds at this moment. It was possible that no letter would ever reach Stretton again; that Warrisdén, searched he never so thoroughly, would not be able to find the man he searched for. There are so many graves in the Sahara. But neither of them spoke of this possibility, though a quick look they interchanged revealed to each its presence in the other's thoughts.

'Besides, he wanted to lie hidden. So much I know, who know nothing of his story. Would he have enlisted under his own name, do you think? Or even under his own nationality? It is not the common practice in the Foreign Legion. And that's not all. Even were he soldiering openly under his own name, how will you address your letter with any likelihood that it will reach him? Just "*La Legion Étrangère*"? We want to know to what section of *la Legion Étrangère* he belongs. Is he *chasseur*, artilleryman, sapper? Perhaps he serves in the cavalry. Then which is his squadron? Is he a plain foot soldier? Then in what battalion, and what rank does he occupy? We cannot answer any of these questions, and, unanswered, they certainly delay your letter; they may prevent it ever reaching him at all.'

Pamela laid down her pen and stared blankly at Warrisdén. He piled up the objections one by one in front of her until it seemed she would lose Tony once more from her sight after she had got him for a moment within her vision.

'So you had better entrust your letter to me,' he concluded. 'Address it to Stretton under his own name. I will find him, if he is to be found, never fear. I will find him very quickly.'

Pamela addressed the letter. Yet she held it for a little time in her hand after it was addressed. All the while Warrisden had been speaking she had felt an impulse strong within her to keep him back; and it was because of that impulse, rather than with any thought of Millie Stretton and the danger in which she stood, that Pamela asked doubtfully:

'How long will you be?'

'I should find him within ten days.'

Pamela smiled suddenly.

'It is not so very long,' said she; and she handed the letter across to Warrisden. 'Well, go!' she cried, with a certain effort. 'Telegraph to me when you have found Tony. Bring him back, and come back yourself.' She added, in a voice which was very low and wistful, 'please come back soon!' Then she rose from the table, and Warrisden put the letter in his pocket and rose too.

'You will be at home, I suppose, in ten days?' he said. And Pamela said quickly, as though some new idea had just been suggested to her mind:

'Oh, wait a moment!'

She stood quite still and thoughtful. There was a certain test by which she had meant to find the soundings of heart. Here was a good opportunity to apply the test. Warrisden would be away upon his journey; she could not help Millie Stretton now by remaining in England. She determined to apply the test.

'No,' she said slowly. 'Telegraph to me at the Villa Pontignard, Roquebrune, Alpes Maritimes, France. I shall be travelling thither immediately.'

Her decision was taken upon an instant. It was the logical outcome of her thoughts and of Warrisden's departure; and since Warrisden went because of Millie Stretton, Pamela's journey to the South of France was due, in a measure, to that lady, too. Yet no one would have been more astonished than Millie Stretton had she learned of Pamela's visit at this time. She would have been quick to change her own plans; but she had no knowledge of whither Pamela's thoughts were leading her. When Callon in the hansom cab had said to her 'Come South,' her first swift reflection had been, 'Pamela will be safe in England.' She herself had refused to go south with Pamela. Pamela's desire to go was to her mind

a mere false pretext to get her away from her one friend. If she did not go south, she was very sure that Pamela would not. There had seemed to her no safer place than the Riviera. But she was wrong. Here, in the village of the Three Poplars, Pamela had made her decision.

'I shall go to Roquebrune as soon as I can make arrangements for a servant or two,' she said.

'Roquebrune,' said Warrisdén, as he wrote down the address. 'I once walked up a long flight of steps to that village many years ago. Perhaps you were at the villa then. I wonder. You must have been a little girl. It was one February. I came over from Monte Carlo, and we walked up from the station. We met the schoolmaster.'

'M. Giraud!' exclaimed Pamela.

'Was that his name? He had written a little history of the village and the Corniche road. He took me under his wing. We went into a wine shop on the first floor of a house in the middle of the village, and we sat there quite a long time. He asked us about Paris and London with an eagerness which was quite pathetic. He came down with us to the station, and his questions never ceased. I suppose he was lonely there.'

Pamela nodded her head.

'Very. He did not sleep all night for thinking of what you had told him.'

'You were there, then?' cried Warrisdén.

'Yes; M. Giraud used to read French with me. He came to me one afternoon quite feverish. Two Englishmen had come up to Roquebrune, and had talked to him about the great towns and the lighted streets. He was always dreaming of them. Poor man, he is at Roquebrune still, no doubt.'

She spoke with a great tenderness and pity, looking out of the window, and for the moment altogether lost to her surroundings. Warrisdén roused her from her reverie.

'I must be going away.'

Pamela's horse was brought to the door, and she mounted.

'Walk down the hill beside my horse,' she said; 'just as you did on that other day, when the hill was slippery, your hand upon his neck—so.'

Very slowly they walked down the hill. There were no driving mists to-day, the evening was coming with a great peace, the fields and woods lay spread beneath them toned to a tranquil grey.

The white road glimmered. At the bottom of the hill Pamela stopped.

'Good-bye,' she said; and there was more tenderness in her voice and in her face than he had ever known. She laid her hand upon his arm and bent down to him.

'Come back to me,' she said, wistfully. 'I do not like letting you go; and yet I am rather proud to know that you are doing something for me which I could not do for myself, and that you do it so very willingly.'

She did not wait to hear any answer, but took her hand from his arm and rode quickly away. That turnpike gate of friendship had already swung open of its own accord. As she rode from Quetta that evening, she passed beyond it and went gratefully and hopefully, with the other men and women, down the appointed road.

She knew it while she was riding homewards to the Croft Hill. She knew it, and was very glad. She rode home very slowly through the tranquil evening, and gave herself up to joy. It was warm, and there was a freshness in the air as though the world renewed itself. Darkness came; only the road glimmered ahead of her—the new road, which was the old road. Even that glimmer of white had almost vanished when at last she saw the lighted windows of her father's house. The footman told her that dinner was already served, but she ran past him very quickly up the stairs, and coming to her own room locked the door and sat for a long while in the darkness, her blood throbbing in her veins, her whole heart uplifted, not thinking at all, but just living, and living most joyfully. She sat so still that she might have been in a swoon; but it was the stillness of perfect happiness. She knew the truth that night.

But, none the less, she travelled south towards the end of the week, since there a telegram would come to her. She reached the Villa Pontignard in the afternoon, and walked through the familiar rooms which she had so dreaded ever to revisit. She went out to the narrow point of the garden where so often she had dreamed with M. Giraud of the outside world, its roaring cities and its jostle of people. She sat down upon the parapet. Below her the cliff fell sheer, and far below, in the darkness at the bottom of the gorge, the water tumbled in foam with a distant hum. On the opposite hill the cypresses stood out black from the brown and green. Here she had suffered greatly, but the wounds were healed.

These dreaded places had no longer power to hurt. She knew that very surely. She was emancipated from sorrow, and as she sat there in the still, golden afternoon, the sense of freedom ran riot in her blood. She looked back over the years to the dragging days of misery, the sleepless nights. She felt a pity for the young girl who had then looked down from this parapet and prayed for death; who had counted the many years of life in front of her; who had bewailed her very strength and health. But ever her eyes turned towards the Mediterranean and searched the horizon. For beyond that blue calm sea stretched the coasts of Algeria.

There was but one cloud to darken Pamela's happiness during these days while she waited for Warrisden's telegram. On the morning after she had arrived, the old curé climbed from the village to visit her. Almost Pamela's first question was of M. Giraud.

'He is still here?'

'Yes, he is still here,' replied the curé; but he pursed up his lips and shook his head.

'I must send for him,' said Pamela.

The curé said nothing. He was standing by the window, and almost imperceptibly he shrugged his shoulders as though he doubted her wisdom. In a moment Pamela was at his side.

'What is it?' she asked, gently. 'Tell me.'

'Oh, mademoiselle, there is little to tell! He is not the school-master you once knew. That is all. The wine shop has made the difference—the wine shop and discontent. He was always dissatisfied, you know. It is a pity.'

'I am so sorry,' said Pamela, gravely, 'so very sorry.'

She was silent for a while, and greatly troubled by the curé's news.

'Has he married?' she asked.

'No.'

'It would have been better if he had.'

'No doubt, mademoiselle,' said the curé, 'but he has not, and I think it is now too late.'

Pamela did not send for M. Giraud. It seemed to her that she could do no good even if at her request he came to her. She would be going away in a few days. She would only hurt him and put him to shame before her. She took no step towards a renewal of their friendship, and though she did not avoid him, she never came across him in her walks.

For ten days she walked the old hill paths, and dreams came to her with the sunlight. They gave her company in the evenings, too, when she looked from her garden upon the quiet sea and saw, away upon the right, the lights, like great jewels, burning on the terrace of Monte Carlo. She went down one morning on to that terrace, and, while seated upon a bench, suddenly saw, at a little distance, the back of a man which was familiar to her.

She was not sure, but she was chilled with apprehension. She watched from behind her newspaper, and in a little while she was sure, for the man turned and showed his face. It was Lionel Callon. What was he doing here, she asked herself? And another question trod fast upon the heels of the first. 'Was he alone?'

Callon was alone on this morning, at all events. Pamela saw him speak to one or two people and then mount the terrace steps towards the town. She gave him a little time, and then, walking through the gardens, bought a visitors' list at the kiosk in front of the Rooms. She found Callon's name. He was the only visitor at a Reserve, on the Corniche road, which was rather a restaurant than a hotel. She searched through the list, fearing to find the name of Millie Stretton under the heading of some other hotel. To her relief it was not there. It was possible, of course, that Callon was merely taking a holiday by himself. She wished to believe that, and yet there was a fear speaking loudly at her heart. 'Suppose that Tony should return too late just by a few days!' She was still holding the paper in her hands when she heard her name called, and, turning about, saw some friends. She lunched with them at *Ciro's*, and asked carelessly during luncheon:

'You have not seen Millie Stretton, I suppose?'

'No,' they all replied. And one asked: 'Is she expected?'

'I don't know whether she will come or not,' Pamela replied. 'I asked her to come with me, but she could not do that, and she was not sure that she would come at all.'

This she said, thinking that if Millie did arrive it might seem that she came because Pamela herself was there. Pamela went back to Roquebrune that afternoon, and after she had walked through the village and had come out on the slope of hill above, she met the postman coming down from the Villa Pontignard.

'You have a telegram for me?' she said, anxiously.

'Mademoiselle,' he replied, 'I have just left it at the house.'

Pamela hurried on, and found the telegram in the *salon*. She tore it open. It was from Warrisden. It told her that Tony

Stretton was found, and would return. It gave the news in vague and guarded language, mentioning no names. But Pamela understood the message. Tony Stretton was actually coming back. 'Would he come too late?' she asked, gazing out in fear across the sea. Of any trouble, out there in Algeria, which might delay his return, she did not think at all. If it was true that he had enlisted in the Legion, there might be obstacles to a quick return. But such matters were not in her thoughts. She thought only of Callon upon the terrace of Monte Carlo. 'Would Tony come too late?' she asked; and she prayed that he might come in time.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE END OF THE EXPERIMENT.

THE village of Ain-Sefra stands upon a high and fertile oasis on the very borders of Morocco. The oasis is well watered, and the date-palm grows thickly there. It lies far to the south. The railway, in the days when Tony Stretton served in the Foreign Legion, did not reach to it; the barracks were newly built, the parade ground newly enclosed; and if one looked southwards from any open space, one saw a tawny belt of sand in the extreme distance streak across the horizon from east to west. That is the beginning of the great Sahara. Tony Stretton could never see that belt of sand, but his thoughts went back to the terrible homeward march from Bir-el-Ghiramo to Ouargla. From east to west the Sahara stretched across Africa, breaking the soldiers who dared to violate its privacy, thrusting them back maimed and famine-stricken, jealously guarding its secrets and speaking by its very silence, its terrible 'thus far and no farther,' no less audibly, and a thousand times more truthfully than ever did the waves of the sea.

On one noonday Stretton mounted the steps on to the verandah of the hospital. He looked across open country to the great yellow line. He thought of the Touaregs hanging persistently upon the flanks of his tiny force, the long laborious days of thirst and hunger, the lengthening trail of graves which he left behind—those milestones of invasion. He felt as though the desert gripped him again and would not loose its hold, clinging to his feet with each step he took in the soft, yielding sand. He had brought back his handful of men, it was true; they had stumbled into Ouargla at the last; but there were few of them who were men as good as they

had been when they had set out. Even the best, it almost seemed to him, had lost something of vitality which they would never recover; had a look fixed in their eyes which set them apart from their fellows—the look of those who have endured too much, who gazed for too long a time upon horrors; while the others were for the most part only fit to squat in the shade and to wait for things to cease. There was one whom Stretton had passed only a minute before sitting on the ground under the shadow of the barrack wall. Stretton was haunted by the picture of that man, for he was the only white man he had ever seen who did not trouble to raise a hand to brush away the flies from his face, but allowed them to settle and cluster about the corners of his mouth.

There was another in the hospital behind him. Him the Sahara definitely claimed. Stretton turned and walked into the building.

He passed down the line of beds, and stopped where a man lay tossing in a fever. Stretton leaned over the bed.

‘Barbier,’ he said.

Fusilier Barbier had grown very gaunt and thin during these latter weeks. He turned his eyes upon Stretton, and muttered incoherently. But there was recognition neither in his eyes nor in his voice. An orderly approached the bed as Stretton stood beside it; and, in a low voice, lest, haply, Barbier should hear and understand, Tony asked:

‘What did the doctor say?’

‘Nothing good, my sergeant,’ the orderly replied, with an expressive shrug of the shoulders.

‘I am very sorry,’ said Stretton, gravely.

Certainly Barbier looked to be lying at death’s door. One hand and arm, emaciated and the colour of wax, lay outside upon the coverlet of the bed. His eyes, unnaturally lustrous, unnaturally large, shone deep-sunken in dark purple rings. His eyelids were red, as though with much weeping, and, below the eyes, his face was drawn with fever and very white. Stretton laid his hand gently upon Barbier’s forehead. It was burning hot. Stretton dismissed the orderly with a nod. There was a haggard nobility in Barbier’s appearance—his long, finely shaped hands, his lithe, well-knit figure, all betrayed the man of race. Yet he had once sunk to babbling about persecution at a fire in the desert, like any morbid child.

A heavy step sounded in the ward, and Stretton’s colonel stood beside him, a stoutly built man, with a white moustache and imperial,

and a stern yet not unkindly face. It expressed a deal of solicitude at this moment.

'I have seen the doctor this morning,' said the colonel, 'and he has given up hope. Barbier will hardly live out the night. They should never have sent him to us here. They should not have discharged him from the asylum as cured.'

The idea of persecution had become fixed in Barbier's brain. It had never left him since the evening when he first gave utterance to it in the desert. The homeward march, indeed, had aggravated his mania. On his return he had been sent to the asylum at Bel-Abbès, but there he had developed cunning enough to conceal his hallucination. He had ceased to complain that his officers were in a conspiracy to entrap and ruin him, no more threats were heard, no more dangerous stealthy glances detected. He was sent back to his battalion at Ain-Sefra. A few weeks and again his malady was manifest, and on the top of that had come fever.

'I am very sorry,' Stretton said again; and then, after looking about him and perceiving that the orderly was out of earshot, he bent down towards Barbier, lower than he had bent before, and he called upon him in a still lower voice.

But Barbier was no longer the name he used.

'Monsieur le Comte,' he said, first of all, and then 'Monsieur de—' He uttered a name which the generation before had made illustrious in French diplomacy.

At the sound of the name Barbier's face contracted. He started up in his bed upon one arm.

'Hush!' he cried. A most extraordinary change had come over him in a second. His eyes protruded, his mouth hung half open, his face was frozen into immobility by horror. 'There is someone on the stairs,' he whispered, 'coming up—someone treading very lightly—but coming up—coming up.' He inclined his head in the strained attitude of one listening with a great concentration and intentness, an image of terror and suspense. 'Yes, coming up—coming up! Don't lock the door! That betrays all. Turn out the lights! Quickly! So. Oh, will this night ever pass!'

He ended with a groan of despair. Very gently Stretton laid him down again in the bed and covered him over with the clothes. The sweat rolled in drops from Barbier's forehead.

'He never tells us more, my colonel,' said Stretton. 'His real

name—yes!—he betrayed that once to me. But of this night nothing more than the dread that it will never pass. Always he ends with those words. Yet it was that night, no doubt, which tossed him beyond the circle of his friends and dropped him down here, a man without a name, amongst the soldiers of the Legion.'

Often Stretton's imagination had sought to pierce the mystery. What thing of horror had been done upon that night? In what town of France? Had the someone on the stairs turned the handle and entered the room when all the lights were out? Had he heard Barbier's breathing in the silent darkness of the room? Stretton could only reconstruct the scene. The stealthy footsteps on the stairs, the cautious turning of the door handle, the opening of the door, and the impenetrable blackness with one man, perhaps more than one, holding his breath somewhere, and crouching by the wall. But no hint escaped the sick man's lips of what there was which must needs be hidden, nor whether the thing which must needs be hidden was discovered by the one who trod so lightly on the stairs. Was it a dead man? Was it a dead woman? Or a woman alive? There was no answer. There was no knowledge to be gained, it seemed, but this—that because of that night a man in evening dress, who bore an illustrious name, had fled at daybreak on a summer morning to the nearest barracks, and had buried his name and all of his past life in the Foreign Legion.

As it happened, there was just a little more knowledge to be gained by Stretton. He learned it that morning from his colonel.

'When you told me who "Barbier" really was, sergeant,' said the colonel, 'I made inquiries. Barbier's father died two years ago; but an uncle and a sister lived. I wrote to both offering to send their relation back to them. Well, the mail has this morning come in from France.'

'There is an answer, sir?' asked Stretton.

'From the uncle,' replied the colonel. 'Not a word from the sister; she does not mean to write. The uncle's letter makes that clear, I think. Read!' He handed the letter to Stretton. A cheque was enclosed, and a few words were added.

'See, if you please, that Barbier wants for nothing which can minister to body and soul.'

That was all. There was no word of kindness or affection. Barbier was dying. Let him, therefore, have medicine and prayers. Love, wishes for recovery, a desire that he should return to his friends, forgiveness for the thing which he had done, pity for the

sufferings which had fallen to him—these things Fusilier Barbier must not expect. Stretton, reading the letter by the sick man's bed, thought it heartless and callous as no letter written by a human hand had ever been. Yet—yet, after all, who knew what had happened on that night? The uncle, evidently. It might be something which dishonoured the family beyond all reparation, which, if known, would have disgraced a great name, so that those who bore it in pride must now change it for very shame. Perhaps the father had died because of it, perhaps the sister had been stricken down. Stretton handed the letter back to his colonel.

'It is very sad, sir,' he said.

'Yes, it is very sad,' returned the colonel. 'But for us this letter means nothing at all. Never speak of it, obliterate it from your memories.' He tore the paper into the tiniest shreds. 'We have no reproaches, no accusations for what Barbier did before Barbier got out of the train at Sidi Bel-Abbès. That is not our affair. For us the soldier of the Legion is only born on the day when he enlists.'

Thus, in one sentence, the colonel epitomised the character of the Foreign Legion. It was a fine saying, Stretton thought. He knew it to be a true one.

'I will say nothing,' said Stretton, 'and I will forget.'

'That is well. Come with me, for there is another letter which concerns you.'

He turned upon his heel and left the hospital. Stretton followed him to his quarters.

'There is a letter from the War Office which concerns you. Sergeant Ohlsen,' said the colonel, with a smile. 'You will be gazetted, under your own name, to the first lieutenancy which falls vacant. There is the notification.'

He handed the paper over to Stretton, and shook hands with him. Stretton was not a demonstrative man. He took the notification with no more show of emotion than if it had been some unimportant order of the day.

'Thank you, sir,' he said, quietly; and for a moment his eyes rested on the paper.

But, none the less, the announcement, so abruptly made, caused him a shock. The words danced before his eyes so that he could not read them. He saluted his colonel and went out on to the great open parade ground, and stood there in the middle of that space, alone, under the hot noonday sun.

The thing for which he had striven had come to pass, then. He held the assurance of it in his hand. Hoped for and half-expected as that proof had been ever since he had led the survivors of the geographical expedition under the gate of Ouargla, its actual coming was to him most wonderful. He looked southwards to where the streak of yellow shone far away. The long marches, the harassing anxiety, the haunting figures of the Touaregs, with their faces veiled in their black masks and their eyes shining between the upper and the lower strip—yes, even those figures which appalled the imagination in the retrospect by a suggestion of inhuman ferocity—what were they all but contributories to this event? His ordeal was over. He had done enough. He could go home.

Stretton did not want for modesty. He had won a commission from the ranks, it is true; but he realised that others had done this before, and under harder conditions. He himself had started with an advantage—the advantage of previous service in the English army. His knowledge of the manual exercise, of company and battalion drill had been of the greatest use at the first. He had had luck, too—the luck to be sent on the expedition to the Figuig oasis, the luck to find himself sergeant with Colonel Tavernay's force. His heart went out in gratitude to that true friend who lay in his bed of sand so far away. Undoubtedly, he realised, his luck had been exceptional.

He turned away from the parade ground and walked through the village, and out of it towards a grove of palm trees. Under the shade of those trees he laid himself down on the ground and made out his plans. He would obtain his commission, secure his release, and so go home. A few months and he would be home! It seemed hardly credible; yet it was true, miraculously true. He would write home that very day. It was not any great success which he had achieved, but, at all events, he was no longer the man who was no good. He could write with confidence; he could write to Millie.

He lay under the shadow of the palms looking across to the village. There rose a little mosque with a white dome. The hovels were thatched for the most part, but here and there a square white-washed house, with a flat roof, overtopped the rest. Hedges of cactus and prickly pears walled in the narrow lanes, and now and then a white robe appeared and vanished. Very soon Stretton would turn his back upon Algeria. In the after time he would

remember this afternoon, remember the village as he saw it now, and the yellow streak of desert sand in the distance.

Stretton lay on his back and put together the sentences which he would write that day to Millie. She would get the letter within ten days—easily. He began to hum over to himself the words of the coon song which had once been sung on a summer night in an island of Scotland :

Oh, come out, mah love. I'm a-waitin' fo' you heah!
Doan' you keep yuh window shut to-night.
De tree-tops above am a-whisp'rin' to you, deah—

And then he stopped suddenly. At last he began to wonder how Millie would receive the letter he was to write.

Yes, there was her point of view to be considered. Stretton was stubborn by nature as few men are. He had convinced himself that the course he had taken was the only course which promised happiness for Millie and himself, and impelled by that conviction he had gone on his way undisturbed by doubts and questions. Now, however, his object was achieved. He could claim exemption from his wife's contempt. His mind had room for other thoughts, and they came that afternoon.

He had left his wife alone, with no explanation of his absence to offer to her friends, without even any knowledge of his whereabouts. There had been no other way, he still believed. But it was hard on Millie—undoubtedly it was hard.

Stretton rose from the ground and set off towards the camp that he might write his letter. But he never wrote it, for as he walked along the lane towards the barracks a man tapped him on the shoulder from behind. He was still humming his song, and he stopped in the middle of it :

Jus' look out an' see all de longin' in mah eyes,
An' mah arms is jus' a-pinin' foh to hug you,

he said, and turned about on his heel. He saw a stranger in European dress, who at once spoke his name.

'Sir Anthony Stretton?'

Stretton was no longer seeking to evade discovery.

'Yes?' he said. The stranger's face became vaguely familiar to him. 'I have seen you before, I think.'

'Once,' replied the other. 'My name is Warrisden. You saw me for a few minutes on the deck of a fish-carrier in the North Sea.'

'To be sure,' he said, slowly. 'Yes, to be sure, I did. You were sent to find me by Miss Pamela Mardale.'

'She sends me again,' replied Warrisdén.

Stretton's heart sank in fear. He had disobeyed the summons before. He remembered Pamela's promise to befriend his wife. He remembered her warning that he should not leave his wife.

'She sent you then with an urgent message that I should return home,' he said.

'I carry the same message again, only it is a thousand times more urgent.'

He drew a letter from his pocket as he spoke, and handed it to Stretton. 'I was to give you this,' he said.

Stretton looked at the handwriting and nodded.

'Thank you,' he said, gravely.

He tore open the envelope and read.

(To be continued.)

NATHANIEL HAWTHORNE.¹

The letter which Mrs. Humphry Ward has addressed to the American Ambassador was written for the occasion of the Centenary of Nathaniel Hawthorne, held at Salem on June 23. It is with peculiar pleasure that the CORNHILL MAGAZINE, of the same house which brought out in England 'Transformation' and other works of Hawthorne's, prints this tribute.—ED. CORNHILL.

June 8, 1904.

DEAR MR. CHOATE,—You have asked me to write you a few pages that, in the coming celebration at Salem of the hundredth anniversary of Nathaniel Hawthorne's birth, may be laid, with all the other tributes which the day will call forth, at the feet of Salem's famous son. It seems to me a great honour that you should have asked me to join in the homage of this anniversary; for the author of 'The Scarlet Letter' has always filled a place of peculiar sacredness and delight in my literary memory. So that to express my feeling of admiration and gratitude is only to give a voice to something long since conceived, to shape into some kind of utterance that which for many years has been an emotion and a force. For when I look back to the books which most strongly influenced my own youth, I am aware of a love for certain writings of Hawthorne, a love most ardent, and tenacious, which succeeded a passion of the same kind for certain writings of Mr. Ruskin. In both cases the devotion was hardly rational; it did not spring from any reasoned or critical appreciation of the books, for it dates from years when I was quite incapable of anything of the kind. It was the result, I think, of a vague, inarticulate sense of an appealing beauty, and a beauty so closely mingled with magic and mystery that it haunted memory 'like a passion.' Some scenes from 'The Scarlet Letter,' and some pages from 'The Stones of Venice,' haunted me in this way. And I can still sharply remember how much this early impression depended upon Hawthorne's *austerity*, upon his deep-rooted Puritanism, upon what has been often pointed to as 'the sense of sin' in him. Many of the short stories, no less than 'The Scarlet Letter,' and long before I truly understood them, used to awaken in me a sort of aching and painful joy, which was partly sympathy and partly rebellion.

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Again and again I have read over the scene between Hester, the minister, and Pearl, in the wood, insisting with myself that it must end with the flight and freedom of these tortured beings, and hardly able—though always conscious of its shadowy approach—to bear the moment when hope departs, and Pearl brings back the fatal letter. So in the last scene, one of the most poignantly beautiful in literature, when Hester hangs over the dying minister and says to him: 'Shall we not meet again? Shall we not spend our immortal life together? Surely, surely we have ransomed one another with all this woe! Thou lookest far into eternity with those bright dying eyes! Then tell me what thou seest?'—and the minister replies: 'Hush, Hester, hush! . . . I fear! I fear!'—the awe and shudder of such a last denial of hope has always remained with me as one of the greatest things of imagination, deriving its power from that stern spiritual energy which is its ultimate source.

So, in later years, 'Transformation,' with a still more daring combination of the same elements—Romantic beauty with Puritan austerity—exercised a like effect, spoke with the same exquisitely mingled voice. Kenyon and Hilda, set against Miriam and Donatello,—they are themselves the symbols of Hawthorne's genius, or rather of the strangely varied strands of which it was woven. For above all, and before all, it seems to me, he was a Romantic—a Romantic of the great time. He was born two years later than Victor Hugo; four years after the father of nineteenth-century Romanticism, Chateaubriand, had shown in the tale of 'Atala' the power of the American wilds to infuse new spells into the imagination of the Old World; and a year before the publication of 'The Lay of the Last Minstrel.' And whether at Salem or Boston, and long before his feet had trodden France or Italy, he shared to the full in the heritage of that generation, in its characteristic love of mystery and terror, which was also a passionate love of beauty; in its new perception of veiled and infinite horizons on the one hand, and in its sheer defiant delight, on the other, in the many-coloured detail, lovely or horrible, magnificent or grotesque, where-with nature and man are always filling that small illuminated space amid the darkness, in which life revolves. How many instances might be given of the Romantic temper in Hawthorne!—the wonderful passage in the 'House of the Seven Gables,' where Phœbe, before her eyes perceive him, is conscious in the shadowed room of Clifford's return; the grim vengeance of Roger Chilling-

worth; the appearance in the Catacombs of Miriam's mysterious persecutor; that swift murder on the Tarpeian rock; Hilda's confession in St. Peter's; and a hundred more:—not to speak of such things as 'Roger Malvin's Burial' or 'The Ambitious Guest' or 'Rappacini's Daughter,' each of them a Romantic masterpiece which may match with any other of a similar kind from the first or second generation of the European Romantics. Surprise, invention, mystery, a wide-ranging command, now of awe, horror, and magnificence, and now of a grace, half-toned and gentle as a spring day, combined with that story-teller's resource which is the gift of the gods alone:—these things we shall find in Hawthorne, just as we find them—some or all of them—in Hugo or Musset, in Gautier or Mérimée.

But what a marvel of genius that it should be so! For while Victor Hugo's childhood and youth were passed first in Naples, then in Spain, and finally in the Paris of the Restoration, amid all that might fitly nourish the great poet who came to his own in 1830, Hawthorne's youth and early manhood, before the Brook Farm experience, were passed, as he himself tells us, in a country where there were 'no shadows, no antiquity, no mystery, no picturesque and gloomy wrong, nor anything but a commonplace prosperity in broad and simple daylight,'—in a town and a society which had and could have nothing—or almost nothing—of those special incitements and provocations which, in the case of his European contemporaries, were always present. As to the books which may have influenced him, they do not seem to be easy to trace. But I remember a mention of Bürger's 'Lenore' in the 'Note-Books,' which links him with Scott's beginnings; and a reference to a translation he was making of a tale by Tieck gives me particular pleasure, because it connects him with our great English Romantic, Emily Brontë, who was reading Tieck just about the same time. Naturally, in the thirties and forties, a man of fine literary capacity, commanding French and German, and associated with Emerson, Longfellow, and Margaret Fuller, must have read the European books of the moment, and must have been stirred by the European ideas and controversies then affecting his craft. And indeed the love of the past, the love of nature, curiosity, freedom, truth, daring,—all these Romantic traits are Hawthorne's.

But what makes him so remarkable, so perennially interesting, is that he is a New-England—a Puritan Romantic, a Romantic

with 'a sense of sin'! That is not how we shall any of us describe Victor Hugo, or George Sand, or Alfred de Musset! A French critic finds the inmost note and essence of Romanticism in that mad glorification of the 'I,' which in the wilder Romantics set all laws, æsthetic or moral, at defiance. M. Brunetière must be wrong! Hawthorne's genius is enough to prove it. For in his case the Romantic instinct finds its chief food in what seem to him at all times the majestic verities and sanctions of the moral life, and those not the verities and sanctions of the individual conscience merely, as George Sand might have enforced them, but the plain matters of ordinary law and custom, as the plain man understands them. His attitude is the Pauline one, 'the strength of sin is the law,' and it is in the vengeance or the triumph of law that he is perpetually seeking and finding his noblest artistic effects. He moralises perpetually, and his danger of course is the didactic danger, wherein he differs from your other great Romantic, Edgar Allan Poe, whose danger is that of morbid excess and extravagance, as with so many European writers of the movement. But Hawthorne is saved, first by poetry, and then by his perpetual love of and interest in the common life. The preacher indeed is ultimately absorbed in the poet, and his final aim is not reform but beauty,—the eternal immortalising aim of the artist. While for him, also, the spectacle of human character and human suffering is in itself so absorbing, that he is able to communicate his vision to us, just because his touch is so disinterested and true,—so free indeed from that preoccupation with the 'I' which we are told to regard as typically Romantic. 'He liked,' it has been said, 'to fraternise with plain people, to take them on their own terms, and put himself, if possible, into their shoes.' There indeed is the wide sympathy of the poet, the surest condition of abiding work. The 'Note-Books' are full of it. 'The strange fellow in the bar-room—a sort of mock Methodist—a cattle drover,' whose talk turned upon religion 'while quaffing fourteen cups of tea;' 'the man with a smart horse,' who, when congratulated upon it, replies gaily that he 'has a better at home;' the blacksmith, whose conversation has much 'strong unlettered sense, imbued with humour,' than whom 'I know no man who seems more like a man, more indescribably human,'—the surgeon dentist, the school teacher, the travelling actor, the dogs, the horses,—all parts and all figures and accessories of the human play, as he sees it, are equally delightful to him,—all enter into that heightened illuminated feeling,

whereof the fruit in literature is such a story as 'The Seven Vagabonds,' or such a novel as that which tells the story of the Pyncheons.

Thus, with Beauty haunting his path, 'an hourly visitant,' and all the intricacies of human character for subject, did Hawthorne shape himself, through the long years at Salem, and through the drudgeries of his Custom House post, into the ever-delightful artist he now appears to us, an artist whose place grows larger and more certain as the days roll on, and, in the quiet of our after-judgment, he and the other great ones of his day rise to the honour which is duly theirs. 'On the pure horizon far' we see his star shining beside its fellows, and we know it for one of those beacons of poetry which live when other lights grow dim, let the years fleet as they may.

Forgive these too hasty thoughts. They are meant only as the dropping of a rose on your poet's grave—nothing more!

MARY A. WARD.

L'EMPEREUR D'ALLEMAGNE
ET LA QUESTION DE WATERLOO.

PAR G. PICQUART, LIEUT.-COLONEL EN RÉFORME.

LE discours prononcé à Hanovre, au mois de décembre dernier, par l'empereur d'Allemagne a excité à l'époque une vive émotion en Angleterre. La phrase dans laquelle Guillaume II disait que l'armée anglaise avait été sauvée, à Waterloo, par la légion germanique et les troupes prussiennes fut considérée par beaucoup d'Anglais comme un propos déplacé inspiré par des intentions désobligeantes. La presse et les revues s'occupèrent de la question. Un regain d'actualité fut donné aux problèmes historiques, si souvent discutés déjà, qui se posent chaque fois qu'il est question de la dernière campagne de Napoléon. J'ai eu la curiosité de rechercher, de mon côté, ce qu'il pouvait y avoir de justifié dans les susceptibilités que le *speech* impérial a éveillées de l'autre côté de la Manche, et je livre au public le résultat de cette étude.

Tout d'abord il convient d'asseoir la discussion sur des bases solides. Quelles ont été, au juste, les paroles prononcées par Guillaume II à la fête du centenaire de la légion germanique à Hanovre ? Les voici textuellement : ' Je vous remercie cordialement. Je lève mon verre et je prie chacun de vous d'en faire autant, en fixant les yeux sur le passé, pour boire à la santé de la légion germanique, au souvenir de ses prouesses incomparables qui, avec l'aide de Blücher et des Prussiens, ont sauvé l'armée anglaise de la destruction le jour de Waterloo. A la santé du passé de 1866, où avec bravoure, avec valeur, avec intrépidité fut maintenu haut et resplendissant le resplendissant écu de l'honneur militaire hanovrien. A la santé du passé de 1870, à celle du héros de Beaune-la-Rolande, qui malheureusement n'est plus parmi nous. A la santé du présent, représenté par vous tous qui êtes rassemblés ici et que je salue du fond du cœur. A la santé de l'avenir, dont ces trois régiments¹ sont les garants ; puisse-t-il être aussi brillant, aussi resplendissant, aussi

¹ Les trois régiments issus de la légion germanique, stationnés à Hanovre.

beau que le passé : tel est le but que je propose à ces régiments. A la légion germanique et à ses traditions. Hurrah ! hurrah ! hurrah !¹

On avait souvent affirmé déjà, bien avant le *speech* de l'empereur d'Allemagne, que l'arrivée de Blücher, avec l'armée prussienne, sur le champ de bataille de Waterloo avait sauvé Wellington et transformé une défaite imminente en une victoire complète des troupes alliées.

Prise au pied de la lettre, cette affirmation est indéniable. Il est certain que Napoléon, qui possédait une armée un peu plus nombreuse, mieux pourvue en artillerie et surtout plus homogène que celle de son adversaire, aurait gagné la victoire, sans même l'aide de Grouchy, s'il avait eu affaire à Wellington seul. Il suffit de consulter les récits de la bataille pour voir avec quelle peine, avec quelle tension de tous ses efforts Wellington soutenait la lutte à la fin de la journée, avant que l'intervention des Prussiens ait commencé à se faire sentir efficacement. Que serait devenue sa situation si Napoléon avait pu en outre lancer contre lui les forces qu'il fut obligé d'opposer à Blücher, c'est-à-dire le corps de Lobau et une bonne partie de la garde, sans compter la cavalerie de Domon et de Subervie ? Quel n'eût pas été l'ébranlement infligé à l'armée du duc si ces troupes lui avaient fait perdre les 6000 à 7000 hommes qu'elles tuèrent ou blessèrent aux Prussiens ?

Je m'empresse de dire que ce serait se placer à un point de vue complètement faux que d'envisager la question d'une manière aussi étroite. Wellington a accepté la bataille que cherchait Napoléon ; il a tenu ferme avec la dernière opiniâtreté parce qu'il avait reçu l'assurance du concours des Prussiens. Mais il était parfaitement décidé à refuser la bataille et à se retirer derrière l'Escaut au cas où Blücher se serait déclaré incapable d'intervenir. Blücher n'est donc pas sorti d'un nuage comme un *'deus ex machina'* pour sauver un allié qui se serait mis dans un mauvais cas. Il a exécuté un mouvement convenu, arrêté à l'avance et qui était un des éléments des combinaisons de Wellington.

Mais il y a plus. Si Blücher, après sa défaite de Ligny, le 16 juin, était encore en état de prêter assistance aux Anglais le 18, à Waterloo, cela tient à ce que le 16, par le combat des Quatre-Bras, les troupes de Wellington avaient immobilisé Ney,¹

¹ 1er et 2me corps d'armée, cavalerie légère de la garde et cuirassiers de Kellermann

que Napoléon voulait lancer sur les derrières des Prussiens pour amener la déroute complète de ces derniers. Sans doute Wellington, par suite du manque de concentration de son armée et par suite de l'importance des forces de Ney, s'était trouvé dans l'impossibilité d'apporter aux Prussiens le secours *direct* qu'il leur avait promis pour le cas où il ne serait pas attaqué lui-même, mais l'action *indirecte* des Anglais n'en empêche pas moins la destruction totale des trois corps d'armée prussiens engagés contre Napoléon. Les sauveurs de Waterloo, si sauveurs il y a, avaient été sauvés d'abord !

Ceci n'ôte rien d'ailleurs au mérite qu'eut Blücher d'entrer dans la combinaison de Wellington malgré une bataille perdue, malgré les doutes de son puissant chef d'état-major, Gneisenau, malgré les souffrances physiques qu'il éprouvait, tout meurtri encore de la chute qu'il avait faite lorsque son cheval fut tué sous lui à la fin de la bataille de Ligny. L'histoire offre peu d'exemples d'une aussi indomptable énergie unie à un semblable dévouement pour la cause commune.

Mais l'empereur Guillaume n'attribue pas seulement à Blücher et aux Prussiens la gloire d'avoir évité un désastre à l'armée anglaise. Il cite encore à ce propos la légion germanique, qui faisait partie des troupes de Wellington depuis de longues années, depuis le temps des guerres de la Péninsule. Et ceci nous amène tout naturellement à trouver quelle a été la pensée directrice du discours impérial.

L'empereur Guillaume a toujours cherché, à l'exemple de ses prédécesseurs, à faire revivre dans son armée les souvenirs du passé et à rendre tangible pour ses jeunes troupes l'héritage de gloire amassé par leurs devancières. Dans ce but il ne s'est pas borné à entretenir les traditions qui rattachent les régiments prussiens d'ancienne formation aux régiments des époques disparues. Il a encore voulu que les derniers venus dans son armée, que ceux qui n'ont point de traditions prussiennes, professent le culte des hauts faits accomplis par leurs pères sous d'autres drapeaux.

C'est ainsi que le 24 janvier 1899 il a ordonné que les régiments de l'armée prussiens qui portent actuellement la dénomination provinciale de 'hanovriens' seraient considérés désormais comme les descendants des régiments et bataillons de l'ancienne armée royale hanovrienne dont ils ne feraient que continuer l'histoire.

C'est ainsi que le 19 décembre 1903 il a tenu à assister lui-même à la fête du centenaire de la fondation de la légion germanique considérée comme l'ancêtre vénérable du régiment de fusiliers, du régiment de hulans et du régiment d'artillerie stationnés à Hanovre, tandis que d'autres corps de troupe, pareillement issus de la légion germanique, célébraient de leur côté cette fête dans leurs garnisons (10^e chasseurs à Bitche, 15^e hussards à Wandsbek).

On sait que cette légion, levée en 1803 pour le compte de l'Angleterre sous le nom de 'The King's German Legion,' et composée surtout de Hanovriens, fut dissoute par une décision du prince régent en date du 23 décembre 1815. Ceux de ses membres qui en manifestèrent le désir furent incorporés, en 1816 dans l'armée royale hanovrienne, ce qui légitime la filiation admise.

L'idée de Guillaume II n'est pas banale. En rappelant les exploits des troupes hanovriennes, qu'elles aient servi contre Napoléon I^{er}, à la solde de l'Angleterre, qu'elles aient combattu en 1866 contre la Prusse sous le roi de Hanovre, ou en 1870 contre la France sous le roi de Prusse, l'empereur d'Allemagne enseigne clairement à son armée qu'un souvenir unique doit subsister de ces luttes du passé : celui des actes de courage et de loyalisme accomplis par des frères allemands.

Il est facile de comprendre que dans ces conditions il se soit laissé entraîner à user d'une forme oratoire qui lui permettait d'unir sous un même titre glorieux—le titre de sauveurs—la légion germanique, ancêtre des troupes de la province de Hanovre, et les soldats de Blücher, ancêtres des troupes des anciennes provinces prussiennes. Mais on doit regretter qu'il ait choisi, à ce propos, une épithète qui est en désaccord avec la vérité historique.

J'ai dit déjà ce que je pense de l'intervention de Blücher à Waterloo. Quant à la légion germanique, elle s'est distinguée sans doute, le 18 juin, notamment à la défense de la Haye-Sainte, où l'un de ses bataillons perdit plus de la moitié de son effectif. Mais il me semble tout à fait exagéré de considérer cette légion comme le noyau sauveur de l'armée de Wellington. Les troupes purement anglaises étaient dans cette armée quatre fois plus nombreuses que la légion, et d'une qualité au moins égale. Les autres contingents allemands qui faisaient partie de l'armée du duc étaient composés de troupes de second ordre, inférieures aux soldats de Napoléon. Leur conduite au feu fut généralement

satisfaisante, mais il y eut cependant des actes de défaillance. C'est ainsi que certain régiment de hussards hanovriens abandonna le champ de bataille de Waterloo, en pleine lutte, et courut semer la panique jusqu'à Bruxelles.

En réalité c'est Wellington qui a conçu le plan de la bataille de Waterloo. C'est sa résistance et l'intervention prévue de Blücher qui ont permis de la gagner. C'est la poursuite acharnée des Prussiens, après la victoire, qui a rendu la défaite de Napoléon irrémédiable.

La part de chacun est assez belle ainsi ; il serait fâcheux qu'en Allemagne on ne sût pas s'en contenter.

Pour envisager la question sous toutes ses faces, je veux examiner maintenant quelles sont, du côté français, les principales circonstances qui ont pu contribuer à la défaite de Napoléon.

Les historiens militaires ont émis, à ce sujet, des appréciations contradictoires.

Charras, Yorck, Wolseley, sont d'avis que l'empereur, miné par la maladie, n'était plus lui-même au cours de la bataille.

Thiers, au contraire, trouve qu'il n'y a aucune erreur militaire à reprocher au grand capitaine. Il rejette les grosses responsabilités du désastre sur le maréchal Grouchy, qui ne sut coopérer à la bataille ni directement ni indirectement, et qui ne fut pas même capable de renseigner exactement l'empereur sur les mouvements des prussiens. Thiers admet cependant que les fautes politiques de Napoléon avaient rendu sa situation tellement critique, que le moindre revers de fortune devait amener fatalement une catastrophe. Tenir tête à l'Europe exaspérée avec les forces d'un pays épuisé, c'était vraiment jeter à la destinée un défi trop audacieux. Quand on joue un pareil jeu, il faut le payer tôt ou tard.

Pour Houssaye 'jamais Napoléon n'exerça plus effectivement le commandement, jamais son action ne fut plus directe.' Mais, obligé de parer aux fautes de ses lieutenants, 'il perdit la résolution avec la confiance' et laissa passer l'heure.

L'opinion que donne Lettow-Vorbeck, dans le livre qu'il a publié tout dernièrement sur la chute de Napoléon, se rapproche de celle de Houssaye. Aux yeux de l'auteur allemand, l'énergie physique aussi bien que l'énergie intellectuelle de l'empereur étaient entières en 1815. Cependant la foi de Napoléon dans son étoile était ébranlée. Le sentiment qu'il n'avait plus la France entière derrière lui, l'idée que cette fois la perte serait irrémédiable, en

cas d'échec, pesaient lourdement sur lui. D'aussi poignantes préoccupations expliqueraient bien des fautes.

Le grand état-major allemand a également étudié la question dans un livre récent sur 'le succès des batailles.' A son avis la percée d'un front d'opération telle que l'a tentée Napoléon en 1815, est impossible pour peu que les adversaires agissent avec intelligence et entente. Cette percée devait amener, à un moment ou à un autre, l'enveloppement tactique de l'armée française. La situation désespérée dans laquelle se trouvait l'empereur, vis-à-vis de l'Europe en armes, la nécessité qui lui était imposée de remporter à tout prix un succès immédiat, justifient d'ailleurs la manœuvre de Napoléon; c'était encore la meilleure solution qui fût à sa portée. Mais après Ligny Napoléon se laissa aller à envisager la situation sous le jour qui lui paraissait le plus favorable. Il se complut dans la pensée que les Prussiens étaient désormais hors de cause. Cette erreur lui fut fatale à Waterloo. Et l'état-major allemand ajoute textuellement: 'A l'inverse des dissentiments qui règnent d'habitude dans les armées coalisées, le quartier-général prussien adopta comme principe dirigeant, une union étroite avec ses alliés, même au prix de l'abandon des lignes de communication, même après que Wellington se fût trouvé hors d'état d'apporter le 16 juin, à Ligny, le concours qu'il avait promis. On voit donc qu'à la guerre ce sont, en dernière analyse, les personnalités qui l'emportent, car si, du côté prussien, le commandement avait eu moins de largeur de vue, s'il s'était moins inspiré de l'intérêt commun, Napoléon aurait réussi dans cette entreprise difficile qui consiste à percer le front d'opération de l'adversaire.'

Je n'ai pas l'intention de discuter les différentes opinions que je viens de citer. Ce serait dépasser le cadre de cette étude. Je veux seulement essayer de justifier l'opinion personnelle que je me suis formée sur la question.

A mon avis, les principales fautes commises du côté français à l'occasion de la bataille de Waterloo proviennent de deux erreurs capitales. Napoléon a méconnu la solidité des troupes anglaises; il a méconnu l'énergie de l'armée prussienne. Et s'il est permis de personnifier les deux armées dans leurs chefs, je rendrai la même idée sous une autre forme en disant que Napoléon s'était fait une fausse conception des qualités militaires de Wellington aussi bien que de celles de Blücher, bien qu'il se fût déjà battu en plus d'une circonstance, contre ce dernier.

C'est à Waterloo que l'empereur se mesura avec les Anglais pour la première et pour la dernière fois. Il ne les avait jamais combattus personnellement avant ce jour-là. Il affectait à leur endroit un mépris qui est bien mis en lumière par un propos tenu par lui à Soult le matin même de la bataille, et rapporté par Houssaye : ' Parce que vous avez été battu par Wellington, vous le regardez comme un grand général. Et moi je vous dis que Wellington est un mauvais général, que les anglais sont de mauvaises troupes, et que ce sera l'affaire d'un déjeuner.'

Toute la marche de l'action porte l'empreinte de cette idée préconçue du chef suprême. D'un bout à l'autre ce ne sont que des coups de force désunis, des attaques violentes, mais mal préparées et non soutenues, comme si l'on s'était attendu à voir plier, au premier effort, les troupes qu'on avait devant soi. Et ce caractère de la lutte n'est pas seulement sensible à la fin, quand les esprits commençaient à se troubler et que l'intervention effective des prussiens ne laissait rien de salut que dans l'enfoncement immédiat des lignes anglaises. Il se manifeste nettement dès le début de la bataille.

L'erreur de Napoléon, en ce qui concerne les prussiens, n'est pas moins grande. Il était absolument persuadé, après les avoir battus à Ligny, qu'il les avait mis hors de cause pour plusieurs jours. Sans doute le corps de Bülow n'avait pas pris part au combat, et il était, de ce fait, resté intact. Mais Napoléon crut avoir pris des précautions suffisantes de ce côté, en donnant à Grouchy, chargé de poursuivre les prussiens, des forces équivalentes à celles de Bülow.

Si l'empereur n'avait pas été imbu de l'idée que les prussiens ne pouvaient rien contre lui le 18 juin, il aurait certainement attaqué Wellington de meilleure heure qu'il ne le fit. On sait qu'il avait d'abord prescrit aux troupes d'être en position à neuf heures du matin. Puis à onze heures il dicta un autre ordre disant que l'attaque commencerait ' quand toute l'armée serait rangée en bataille, c'est à dire à peu près à une heure de l'après midi.' Encore se réservait-il de donner le signal de cette attaque.

En réalité la bataille commença à une heure et demie seulement. Le combat qui s'engagea à onze heures et demie autour d'Hougoumont ne peut être considéré comme le début de l'action générale. C'était une affaire partielle.

Remarquons d'ailleurs qu'au moment où il prescrivit de commencer la bataille Napoléon venait d'apercevoir des troupes

prussiennes sur sa droite. Bien plus, il avait appris de la façon la plus certaine, par une lettre interceptée, que ce qu'on voyait était l'avant-garde du corps de Bülow. Mais, toujours attaché à sa double erreur, l'empereur crut sans doute qu'il s'agissait de Bülow seul, et qu'il lui serait facile de venir à bout et des Anglais et de ce nouvel adversaire.

Quelques heures plus tard Pirch et Zieten débouchaient à leur tour sur la droite de l'armée française, tandis que Thielmann amusait Grouchy à Wavre. L'armée prussienne tout entière contribuait à la défaite de Napoléon !

On a souvent prétendu que Napoléon commença la bataille aussi tard parce qu'il était indispensable de laisser le sol se raffermir, faute de quoi l'artillerie n'eût pu manœuvrer. Un orage violent avait éclaté la veille. La pluie, en amollissant les terres, en transformant les champs en bourbiers, avait rendu fort difficiles les mouvements des troupes et surtout des charrois.

Je ne puis m'empêcher de penser que cette prétendue raison est surtout une excuse. Si elle a été indiquée effectivement le jour de la bataille, ce ne peut être qu'à titre tout à fait accessoire. En deux ou trois heures l'état d'un terrain fortement détrempé ne s'améliore pas sensiblement, même sous l'action combinée du vent et du soleil.

Ce qui est indéniable c'est que l'armée française avait bivouaqué le 17 juin au soir dans un grand désordre et le long d'une route unique. Aussi le 18 au matin fallut-il beaucoup de temps pour rassembler les troupes et pour les amener sur leurs emplacements de bataille. On ne se pressa point, et Napoléon ne prit aucune mesure pour accélérer le déploiement.

Un pareil laisser-aller n'indique-t-il pas clairement que l'empereur ne craignait rien des prussiens, et qu'il estimait qu'il aurait toujours bien assez de temps devant lui pour mettre les anglais en déroute complète avant la nuit ? Sans vouloir lancer dans un genre d'hypothèses qu'il est trop aisé d'échafauder après coup, quand on voit le jeu des deux adversaires, je me permettrai pourtant de remarquer que la situation de Wellington eût été beaucoup plus difficile si Napoléon avait pu ou voulu l'attaquer de bonne heure, au lieu de ne commencer la bataille que quand Bülow était déjà en vue. Etre attaqué à fond avant l'arrivée des prussiens est la chance qu'a courue Wellington ; c'était le danger de sa combinaison. Mais à la guerre plus encore que partout ailleurs, qui ne risque rien n'a rien.

Napoléon et la plupart de ses admirateurs ont cherché à rejeter sur Grouchy la responsabilité du désastre que subit à Waterloo l'armée française du fait de l'entrée en ligne des troupes prussiennes. La manière dont Grouchy remplit le rôle qui lui avait été dévolu donne, il est vrai, une faible idée de ses capacités militaires. Ce maréchal avait pour mission de s'attacher aux traces des prussiens et de s'opposer, dans la mesure du possible, à ce que ceux-ci se réunissent aux anglais. Mais il manqua d'activité, de discernement. Il laissa à sa gauche Blücher défilier tranquillement avec trois corps d'armée pour se jeter sur la droite de Napoléon, et il ne s'en douta même pas. N'oublions pas cependant que Napoléon avait partagé toutes les illusions de Grouchy sur les mouvements des prussiens, et qu'il ne rappela à lui le maréchal, pour coopérer directement à la bataille de Waterloo, que lorsqu'il était trop tard.

Un mot, en terminant, sur la valeur des dernières troupes que commanda Napoléon. L'armée française combattit à Waterloo avec une bravoure sans égale, qui à certains moments s'éleva jusqu'à l'héroïsme. Une sorte de fièvre animait tout le monde. Des actes de trahison—comme par exemple celui du général de Bourmont, qui passa à l'ennemi le 15 juin, avec son état-major—avaient exaspéré les esprits et exalté les sentiments de vengeance. Mais ils avaient aussi contribué à augmenter l'indiscipline qui régnait dans toute l'armée, et dont les mouvements ne pouvaient être compensés par le culte fanatique professé par les soldats pour la personne de l'empereur. Il n'est pas étonnant que dans ces conditions un abattement général, une dissolution complète, aient été les conséquences immédiates de la défaite. 'Jamais,' écrit Houssaye, 'Napoléon n'avait eu dans sa main un instrument de guerre si redoutable et si fragile.'

On ne saurait mieux dire.

HOUSEHOLD BUDGETS ABROAD.

II. THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

By MRS. RUTH K. GARDINER.

To analyse the budgets of two typical American families, in a manner which shall be comprehensible to the English reader, is by no means an easy task. At the outset, too much stress cannot be laid on the fact that, from the view-point of domestic economics, the typical American family does not exist. Politically, the United States are one nation. Economically, they are divided into more parts than was the Gaul of Cæsar's day, and, like *Gallia omnis*, these component parts of a heterogeneous whole differ among themselves in economic essentials to a degree which makes any general statement untrustworthy unless it be qualified by so many exceptions that its original character is lost in the process. No budget can be stated absolutely. Its terms must be relative to the prevailing standard of living, and this standard varies locally in the United States, more, possibly, than in any other country. In respect of housing, clothing, fuel, and food the needs of a family in the semi-tropical Southern States are vastly different from those of a family in the North-West, where a fortnight of temperature ten or twenty degrees below zero is a common incident of the winter. From east to west, the prices of manufactured goods increase directly with the cost of transportation, so that the Californian may pay for cotton and woollen goods twice as much as the man in Massachusetts. The price of food stuffs varies widely in different sections, and the composition of the dietary varies still more. What is typical of one part of the country cannot be taken as typical of another, nor of the whole.

It should be said, however, that, in regard to the relation the budget bears to the income, there is no great difference among the States. Wages are highest in the West, where the cost of living is greatest, and lowest in the South, where food and fuel are cheapest. Since 1896, there has been a general increase of 16 per cent. in the cost of living; but as this has been accompanied by a general increase of 15 per cent. in wages, the normal relation between income and expenditure has not been seriously disturbed.

The only items of expenditure which appear to vary throughout

the United States, without regard to the ratio of income and cost of living, are rent, fuel, and domestic service, and the first of these is so directly related to local standards of comfort that it is impossible to say in which part of the country the man of any class pays most for housing. Americans of all classes pay a larger proportion of their incomes for rent than is considered economical in England. Among 2,567 families whose budgets have been studied by the Department of Labour, and whose average income was 165*l.* 8*s.* 9½*d.* (\$827·19), the average expenditure for rent was found to be about 13 per cent.; but as the Government statistics in this one item are confessedly incomplete, it is safe to say that this is a low estimate of the general average. In any Eastern city, the professional man with 1,000*l.* a year does not consider 180*l.* an extravagant amount to pay for rent, and the clerk with 20*l.* a month regards a fourth of his income as an economical outlay for housing. Outside of the large cities, one would expect to find the possessor of 1,000*l.* a year living in his own house, though a house of one's own is in many cases a doubtful asset. This is especially true in growing towns and cities, where the assessment to property-owners for a change in the grade of the street, for paving, or for the introduction of a new system of plumbing, may amount to as much as a year's rent.

In this paper it is not proposed to consider the budget of an artisan of the poorest class, and a man who earns 12*l.* a month has been taken as a fair example. A consideration of the rate of wages throughout the United States justifies the statement that the skilful and industrious artisan may reasonably expect to earn from 2*l.* 8*s.* to 3*l.* 12*s.* a week, since the average wage may be stated roughly at 12*s.* a day. With 12*l.* a month, the thrifty artisan feels justified in marrying. One of the banks in the city of Chicago has recently announced to its employés that none of them with a salary of 200*l.* a year or less will be permitted to retain his position if he marries without the knowledge and approval of the officers of the institution. This somewhat arbitrary dictum may be taken as an indication of the relation between a salary of 200*l.* a year and the banking clerk's standard of living. The standard of the artisan is naturally lower, and while 12*l.* a month does not mean luxury, it does mean comfort for a small family.

The family whose actual budget has been studied is small. It is made up of father, mother, and one child, eight years of age. The family lives in Washington. Always remembering that a budget from one American city cannot be considered an index of

the cost of living in any other city, the budget of this family is as nearly typical as any which can be obtained. If our artisan lived in San Francisco, less of his income would be spent for fuel, but more for clothing. In St. Paul and Minneapolis, butter, eggs, and vegetables would be cheaper, but the heavier clothing necessitated by a more severe climate would balance the account. In New York the actual cost of living would be the same, but such comfortable quarters could not be obtained so cheaply.

Our Washington artisan is employed as telephone inspector, and his work includes minor repairs to instruments in use. His hours of work are from nine in the morning to five in the evening. He lives in a recently built up quarter of the town, about two miles from the offices of the company which employs him. The street is paved with asphalt, and well lighted. The brick houses, two stories in height, form a solid row. They are separated from the street by a grass plot, and at each front door is a white-painted wooden portico. There are two flats in each house, one on either floor, and the ground in the rear of the building is divided into two parts by a wooden fence, so that each tenant has a 'back yard' of his own.

For this cheaply built, but smart-looking and exceedingly comfortable, flat the artisan pays 3*l.* 6*s.* (\$16.50) a month. A water rate of 2*s.* a month is included in this, and when the householder has paid his rent, he has done with the demands of the outside world. Rates as understood in England are absolutely unknown in America. The householder of this class has no taxes to pay in Washington. In other American cities he would be assessed a poll-tax, varying in different States from 2*s.* to 8*s.* a year, for the privilege of exercising his right of franchise. The municipal government of Washington, however, is an autocracy, vested in three commissioners appointed by the President of the United States, and the citizen, since he has no vote, pays no poll-tax. If he owns land, or personal property beyond the limit of exemption, he is obliged to pay a yearly tax of 6*s.* on each 20*l.* worth of such property; but our artisan has no land, and as his household goods are worth less than 100*l.*, they are not taxable. The street is lighted and swept for him by the city. The city educates his child, pays the dustman, and, with its police and fire departments, protects his family and his furniture without direct cost to him.

His flat contains five rooms, of which the largest is 12 feet by 14 feet. They are all well lighted, with no dark rooms, or windows opening into closed air shafts. Each room is supplied with gas

fixtures, and the bath-room is fitted with the sanitary plumbing which present building regulations require. The cooking stove in the kitchen and the sink for waste water are fixtures, as is also a neat cupboard, built at one side of the room. The stove is connected with a hot-water tank which supplies the bath-room. The heat from this stove warms the dining-room. In the sitting-room, or 'parlor,' as the American term is, there is a Baltimore heater in which coal is burned. This heater, too, is furnished by the landlord, and from it the two bedrooms obtain sufficient warmth, except in extremely cold weather, when a portable kerosene heater is used. Americans of all classes demand summer heat in their homes at all seasons of the year. The temperature of the average sitting-room is more likely to rise to eighty degrees than to fall to sixty, though in schools and other public buildings a temperature of sixty-five or seventy degrees is considered the proper mean.

In this artisan budget, little more is spent for food than for housing, though this is not true of the majority of similar budgets. Among the 2,567 families on whose budgets the Department of Labour statistics are based, the average expenditure for food was 42·5 per cent. of the income. Our Washington artisan spends only 3*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* (\$17·20) per month or less than 29 per cent. He employs no servant, and his wife is an excellent manager. She knows nothing of the higher science of the dietary, but she has any advantage over most women of her class from the fact that she was thoroughly trained in practical domestic economy by an elder sister, the wife of a tradesman, in whose family she lived before her marriage. Because of her skill in using the food she buys, and the judgment with which she selects it, waste, which has been found to average 6 per cent. of the cost of food in the working-man's family, is reduced to a minimum. There are, to be sure, occasional months in the winter when 3*l.* 8*s.* 10*d.* does not cover the food bill, but in the summer this sum frequently leaves a surplus. The fact that her kitchen is well equipped makes for economy. All the furnishings of the home were bought by the man before his marriage, so the wife has the best of tools for her trade of housekeeping. She has a farther advantage in receiving her allowance in monthly instalments, for the cost of living can be reduced in many items by buying certain goods in quantity. In America, as in England, nowadays, one buys everything at the 'stores,' and on special sale days they offer bargains. In buying tinned goods, or 'canned' goods as Americans say, one may save the price of one or two tins

by buying a dozen. Our thrifty housewife buys soap a dozen cakes at a time. For a single cake of the soap the price is $2\frac{1}{2}d.$, but $1s. 11d.$ will purchase a dozen. There is additional economy in buying soap by the dozen, because it may be laid away on the pantry shelf to harden before it is used. A cake of hardened soap will outlast two cakes used fresh from the shop. In this family, for kitchen and laundry use together, three pieces of soap in a month suffice. The housewife pays cash for everything she buys, and does not confine her custom to any one tradesman.

Every Saturday morning, basket on arm, she visits the stalls in the market house, and buys meat for the week. Meat is the most expensive part of the dietary, although the American's dietary is more largely made up of vegetable food than that of the English family of like class. Eight shillings a week is allotted for meats. Of this, from $3s.$ to $3s. 7\frac{1}{2}d.$ is usually spent for a fowl, which serves for two dinners, provides an appetising stew, and finally disappears in a dish of broth, thickened with rice. A ham weighing six pounds adds $3s.$ to the meat bill, and the rest is spent for beef of inferior quality, which is 'pot-roasted' or stewed with vegetables. Experience has taught the housewife that careful cooking will make the cheaper cuts of meat quite as appetising as the more expensive sorts, and she is an adept in devising all kinds of made dishes from bits of meat which would otherwise be wasted. Every bit of fat is thoroughly tried out, strained and saved for frying. No suet is used, and it should be said here that the American cook knows nothing of puddings as the word is understood in England. Puddings, in America, are always sweets, and come under the head of 'desserts,' a term used to mean sweets in general, and not fruit, as it does in England. The nearest approach to Yorkshire pudding is the 'dumpling' which is boiled with meat, or the dish of fried maize-meal mush, served with molasses at breakfast. The terminology of housekeeping is so different in England and America that it adds another difficulty to the task of describing an American budget.

Cheese is no permanent item of the dietary, and is seldom eaten. Fish, except for dried cod, stewed or made into cakes with potato as a breakfast dish, is little used. Of eggs at their winter price of $1s. 7\frac{1}{2}d.$ the dozen, half a dozen are bought each week. A peck of apples at $1s. 3d.$ is usually used every seven days, though, when greater economy is necessary, dried apples stewed are substituted.

Groceries are bought once a fortnight, and average $12s.$ for a month's supply. By groceries, food stuffs known in England as

dry goods are meant. 'Dry goods' signifies to the American such things as the English draper and haberdasher sell. Draper and haberdasher are words strange to American ears, and our housewife visits a 'dry goods store' when she wants muslins and woollens and needles and thread. Eatables which the 'butcher shop' and the greengrocer's do not supply are groceries. Wheat flour, and no other kind is used for bread, is bought in a twenty-four-pound sack, and two such sacks last a little more than a month. Bread is made twice a week, three loaves at a baking, and hot rolls, of which the English cook knows nothing, or hot biscuit, are served three times a week at breakfast. As the mother of the family was born in Virginia, she makes her biscuit without baking-powder, as is the custom in the Northern States, but beats the dough with a smoothing iron till it is light. These beaten biscuits resemble English biscuit, which are generally called 'crackers' in the United States. Except in New England, the American who does not eat 'hot bread' in some form once a day is hard to find. In the winter, batter cakes, or pancakes made of buckwheat flour, are a general American breakfast dish. They are not the light, sweet, delicate brown pancakes of England, given to good children on Shrove Tuesday, but are to foreigners not to the manner born a somewhat heavy and unpalatable mixture of buckwheat flour and baking-powder. They are eaten with syrup or molasses.

Our artisan's family drinks no beer and no coffee. Half a pound of tea, at 2s. 6d. the pound, is used each week. It is drunk hot in the winter, and iced in summer. Sugar is bought in four-shilling lots, at a little more than 2d. the pound, and two pounds are used in a week.

Tinned vegetables form a large part of the dietary. Four tins of tomatoes at 3s. the dozen, four tins of peas at 5d. the tin, and the same amount of sweet corn at the same price, are used in a little more than a month. Rice, oatmeal, beans, and prunes make up the rest of the grocery list, with salt, pepper, 2½d. worth of starch for the month's washings, a halfpenny-worth of laundry blue, and a box of matches at 5d. the dozen boxes. A bucket of lard is occasionally sent to the family by the wife's mother in the country. When it is necessary to buy lard, a five-pound tin costs 1s. 3d. About two pounds of lard are used each week in the making of biscuits and pie-crust. An occasional item is a pint of oysters at 10d., which are made into a stew and substituted for meat.

The money spent at the greengrocer's varies according to the season. The word 'greens' is limited in its meaning to spinach,

dandelion, beet-root tops and other vegetables of which what one may call the foliage only is eaten. Of fresh vegetables, the supply is varied, and the prices low. Sweet corn, egg-plant, oyster-plant, sweet potatoes, yams, string beans, butter beans, Lima beans, okra, cabbage, squash, pumpkin, radishes, turnips, asparagus, all are to be found on the artisan's table at one time or another. A head of lettuce at $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ frequently garnishes the Sunday meat in the winter, and small fruits are so cheap at certain seasons that the housewife finds it economical to make her own jellies and preserves. In the market of a Saturday night strawberries may be bought now and then for $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ the quart, too ripe to keep for Monday selling, but excellent for jam-making. Saturday night, in the market, is the harvest time of the poorer classes, and many a melon or basket of peaches, plums, or berries, is bought at a fourth the price asked in the morning. It is obviously impossible to describe the variations in the dietary, and it must be repeated, that while the food bill is sometimes larger than $3l. 8s. 10d.$, it frequently falls below that sum.

The milkman leaves a paraffin-sealed pint bottle of milk at the door every morning, and his bill is $4s. 10d.$ a month, *i.e.* a fraction under $4d.$ a quart.

Fuel for the kitchen stove and for the Baltimore heater is an expensive item. Four tons of coal at a guinea a ton carry the household through the winter. In the summer coals are bought by the bushel, and one bushel at $1s.$ serves for a week's cooking. Twopence-half-penny a month pays for all the firewood used. The amount of gas used varies according to the season, and $1l. 4s.$ a year covers the total cost.

Our artisan family uses no ice in the winter. The ice-box is kept on the covered porch outside the kitchen door, and from November till March or April no ice is necessary. The water from the kitchen tap is sufficiently cool to drink, though most Americans prefer iced water at all seasons. In the summer months ice is a necessity in every American city. Milk could not be kept from one visit of the milkman to the next without it, and meats would be tainted overnight. Every American family, however poor, uses ice in the summer, and in well-to-do families the ice-box is in commission the year round. The submerged tenth has its free ice fund no less than its free dispensary. In our model family the ice bill in the hottest weather is $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ a day. The ice-waggon makes its rounds as regularly as the milkman's cart, and the $2\frac{1}{2}d.$ block of ice usually weighs in the neighbourhood of twenty-five pounds, though the price per hundred seldom exceeds $1s. 8d.$ Wrapped in paper,

and stowed away in a well-made ice-box or refrigerator, twenty-five pounds of ice can be made to last twenty-four hours.

As the wife of our artisan is laundress as well as cook and house-keeper, all the washing is done at home, except *paterfamilias'* collars and cuffs, which are left at a Chinese laundry once a week. Two pounds a year will cover this expense.

Paterfamilias drinks no spirits, and is the only member of the family who ever tastes beer. He drinks a bottle of this occasionally, but this he must not do in working hours, for in his employment the odour of any intoxicant on his breath would lead to his dismissal. He does not use tobacco in any form. He owns a bicycle, on which he rides to and from his work except in very stormy weather, when he takes the electric tram, on which six trip tickets are sold for 1s.

He buys two pairs of boots in a year, and any foot gear not reaching to the knees he calls shoes. He has one pair of high shoes, and one summer pair of low ones, and each pair costs him 14s. He buys two suits of clothes, ready made, each year, and these cost from 2*l.* 8s. to 3*l.* 12s. a suit. One top-coat, or 'over-coat,' costing 4*l.*, is worn for two or even three years. Thirty pounds a year will cover the clothing bill for the entire family. *Materfamilias* finds time to make all the clothing worn by herself and the child, with the aid of a sewing machine.

The child's education costs nothing, for she attends one of the municipal schools in the neighbourhood. It is difficult to explain a school of this kind to English readers. In America it is called a 'public school,' and Americans do not understand why Eton and Harrow are known by that term. It is a free school paid for from the general property tax, but to say that it is the same thing as the English board school would be misleading. Of the difference in educational standards between the board school and the American public school it is impossible to speak. The real difference is in social status. The average American sends his children to the public school—in default of a better term, I am forced to follow American nomenclature—without the slightest sacrifice of gentility. With the exception of the wealthiest classes in the large cities, children of all classes attend these schools. Most small towns are without other primary schools, unless parochial schools are maintained by the Roman Catholic Church, and in a city of 200,000 people, children of professional men attend public schools as a matter of course. The higher schools of the system are so well recognised as preparatory schools for the university that many American colleges

accept a certificate of graduation from a high school in place of an entrance examination. Yale, Harvard, Princeton, Vassar, and Wellesley are constantly recruited from the public schools. The President of the United States sends one of his sons to a Washington public school. In this there is no attempt to appear democratic. It is merely the custom of professional families in Washington, and if the grocer's boy sits at the right of the President's son, the heir of a justice, a general, or a railway magnate may be his neighbour on the left. In cities like New York and Chicago, where neighbourhoods are not socially homogeneous, the professional man sends his boys and girls to a private school; but the vast majority of American children of the professional class receive their primary education in the public schools.

Our artisan manages to save a hundred dollars, or twenty pounds, a year. Besides his income of 12*l.* a month, he receives Christmas boxes, though the term is unknown in America, which aggregate 10*l.* This money is always laid away. His ambition is to buy a home of his own in some growing suburb, and he entrusts his savings to a building and loan association. Interest at 4 per cent. is paid on his deposit. He is at liberty to withdraw it at any time; but, barring some unforeseen contingency, he will allow it to remain, and will add to it till he has accumulated enough to buy a piece of land. The building and loan association will build him a house on this, securing itself by a first mortgage on the real estate. He will pay for his home on the instalment plan, always looking forward to an increase in salary which will enable him to make larger payments, and shorten the time. If his suburban land be fortunately chosen, it may double in value in ten or twenty years, and in any case he regards this method of saving as the most satisfactory to be found.

The head of this family belongs to neither lodge nor union. With his wife and child he attends a Methodist chapel, and pays 24*s.* a year into the general church fund. He belongs to a benefit society, of which the dues are 12*s.* a year. Members are assessed 2*s.* each for every death in the society, and last year such assessments brought the total yearly cost up to 2*l.* When a member falls ill, he receives 16*s.* for the length of time he is unable to work, provided that he is not incapacitated for more than six weeks. During a longer illness he receives 8*s.* a week till the total amount paid him reaches 10*l.* If he dies, his family receives 12*l.* His physician charges him 4*s.* a visit. The adults of this family have exceptionally good teeth, and their semi-annual visits to the dentist

cost about 1*l.* 4*s.* the year. Their amusements are limited to Sunday and holiday trips to country resorts, by way of the electric tram, and to rare visits to the theatre, where each of them pays 1*s.* for a seat in the upper gallery. In all American theatres the seats in what is practically the pit are the most expensive in the house. No fee is ever exacted for programmes, and iced water is frequently carried to the audience gratis. Every summer, the wife and child in this family spend a fortnight or a month with the wife's parents in the country, and have no board to pay. As board for the father in the city costs about as much as food for the entire family during the same length of time, no allowance for summer outing has been made in the budget.

The family lives very comfortably, and is more than decently clad. As there is always something laid up for a rainy day, they are in no danger of finding the wolf at their door. Their budget and their manner of living may be considered fairly typical of the average thrifty artisan's family in America.

BUDGET OF ARTISAN'S FAMILY WITH ONE CHILD.

Total income, including Christmas boxes, £154.

	£.	s.	d.
Rent	39	12	0
Food	41	6	0
Fuel	6	0	0
Gas	1	4	0
Ice	1	12	0
Church	1	4	0
Benefit Club	2	0	0
Newspaper	0	16	0
Dentist	1	4	0
Laundry	2	0	0
Dress	30	0	0
Savings	20	0	0
Balance for all other expenses	7	2	0
Total	154	0	0

Note.—In reducing American money to its English equivalent, the following table has been used: \$0.05 = 2½*d.*; \$0.25 = 1*s.*; \$1.00 = 4*s.*; \$5.00 = £1.

BUDGET OF PROFESSIONAL MAN'S FAMILY.

So many of the things which have been said in the preceding pages will apply to the cost of living of the professional man with 1,000*l.* (\$5,000) a year, that this latter budget may be very briefly considered. It is no more easy to generalise in regard to the professional man than in regard to the artisan, and since a Washington

artisan has been taken as a type, comparisons may more easily be made if a professional man's budget is chosen from the same city. Despite the general impression to the contrary, living in the capital is not more expensive than in any other American city of the same size. Washington is the cleanest and most attractive city in America, and because of its educational and social advantages is becoming every year more and more the Mecca of Americans of assured income.

So far as actual comfort goes, our professional man is no better housed than the artisan. He lives in a more fashionable quarter of the town, and in a house instead of a flat. His rent is 156*l.* a year, and in addition to this he pays 1*l.* 16*s.* for water. His house is modern in all its appointments. Gas is used to light it, and a furnace to heat it. Gas and fuel together cost 25*l.* a year. The conveniences which the artisan would consider luxuries are electric bells, a speaking tube from the kitchen to the upper floors, gas grates in the drawing-room and library, well-fitted wire window and door screens as a protection against flies and mosquitoes, and a telephone. The artisan has, to be sure, window screens of a sort, since screens are necessary in most parts of America, but he cannot afford 7*l.* 4*s.* for a telephone. The use of telephones has increased amazingly in the past five years. No village is without its exchange, and the prosperous farmer is quite as likely to have a telephone in his house as the city man. The small shopkeeper regards a telephone as a necessary part of his equipment, and to the professional man it is no more a luxury than a perfectly appointed bath-room.

The professional family whose budget has been studied consists of father, mother, and two children, a boy of ten, and a girl of six years younger. Three servants are employed: a cook at 3*l.* a month, a housemaid or 'second girl' at 2*l.* 8*s.*, and a nurse at 3*l.* 12*s.* It should be explained that the nurse is a middle-aged woman who is a competent seamstress, so that she is well worth the wages paid her—a thing which cannot be said of most servants in America. As has been said, the cost of domestic service varies to a marked degree in different parts of the country. The average wage for a cook in the far South is 1*l.* 12*s.* a month, 3*l.* in Washington, 3*l.* 4*s.* in New York, 4*l.* in Chicago, 5*l.* in Denver, and 6*l.* in San Francisco. No American housewife will dispute the assertion that, except for an occasional Japanese who may be hired on the Pacific coast for 7*l.* a month, the middle-class household never knows a really well-trained servant. The difficulty in finding even fairly competent servants is the secret of the rapid increase of apartment

houses and family hotels in all American cities. The American who travels abroad is far more deeply impressed by the politeness and deftness of English servants than by Westminster Abbey, or the sight of a Lord Mayor in robes of office, and the Englishman who visits the United States ceases to complain of overheated rooms and iced water long before he can endure with equanimity the incivility and exactions of American servants.

Cook is expected to 'find' herself, but the mistress of the house provides caps and aprons for the housemaid and nurse. In no American family is beer ever 'found' for the servants. Each maid expects to have an afternoon a week, and alternate Sunday afternoons out. No maid-servant is expected to clean boots. If no man-servant is kept, the master of the house blacks his own boots, unless he prefers to pay 5*d.* a 'shine' to a professional boot-black.

In this family, the buying of food is done by the mistress, who visits grocer, greengrocer, and butcher twice or thrice a week. As there are two children in the family, a large amount of milk is used, and occasionally ices for dinner are frozen in the house. In a family of this class, some form of frozen sweet is invariably served on Sunday, and when guests are dining. Only ices in which no milk or cream is used are called 'ices.' Frozen cream is 'ice-cream' and ice-cream may be called the American national dish. Every chemist's or drug store has its 'soda-water fountain' where ice-cream mixed with fruit juice and highly charged water is sold from 2½*d.* to 5*d.* a glass, and the amount of ice-cream consumed during the summer in any American town or city is astonishing. Last July, in one town of 4,000 inhabitants, one of the three chemists in the place sold thirty gallons of ice-cream a day at his soda-water fountain.

Breakfast in this family always begins with fruit, usually oranges or melons in season, and the mother firmly believes the adage, 'An apple a day keeps the doctor away,' though in practice the doctor is called often enough to make his yearly bill never less than 20*l.* The dietary differs little from that of the artisan, except in the matter of hothouse products and fruit out of season. Very little pork is eaten, the most expensive meats are bought, and the ordinary dinner has four courses: soup, meat, with at least two vegetables, a salad, and a sweet, followed by coffee. The dinner of ceremony begins with oysters or clams, and the usual menu is amplified by one *entrée*, and ends with cheese and fruit. The wine bill is not large, and most of the wines used are from California.

The master of the house belongs to a club of which the dues are

10*l.* a year. All of his boots are bought ready made, and he finds the very boots for which the artisan pays 14*s.* comfortable, neat and durable for ordinary wear. The mistress buys her boots ready made, too, but the boots for the youngest child are made to order on an anatomically correct last, and cost 12*s.* the pair. The man has all his clothing, except his shirts, made to order. His 'business suit' costs him 8*l.* to 10*l.*, and for frock coat, waistcoat, and trousers he pays from 12*l.* to 15*l.*

The clothing of the boy is bought ready made, and the clothing for the little girl is made in the house by the nurse and a visiting seamstress at 6*s.* a day. This seamstress makes the mistress's morning gowns and cotton blouses. Street gowns come from the tailor, and none of them costs less than 10*l.* Evening gowns, of which the professional man's wife has no great supply, cost a little more, though some of the simpler ones are made in the house by the seamstress.

The son of the family attends a public school. A visiting teacher instructs him in music at 3*l.* a quarter, and during the winter he is sent once a week to a dancing class. Three 'quarters' of music and twenty dancing lessons bring the cost of his education up to 11*l.* 8*s.* a year.

The wife and children live in Washington only nine months of the year. Their summers are spent in a small hotel at the seashore or in the mountains. Owing to the dislike city servants display to living in the country, the taking of a country house for the summer has been found by this family to be unsatisfactory. The nurse is the only servant who is kept all the year, and accompanies the family to the country. As board wages are unknown in America, the other servants are dismissed, and take other situations, frequently returning to the household in the autumn. During the summer, the house is cared for by a man and wife, who accept the use of rooms in the basement as payment for the service they render. Paterfamilias sleeps in the deserted house, breakfasts at a restaurant, and dines at the club. In company with thousands of other heads of families, he runs down to see wife and children once a week, and in the hottest weather spends a fortnight with them. Board and lodging for the wife and children at the seashore for three months are 90*l.*, so that the cost of food in the budget must be stated for nine months, and not for the whole year. Food, including 2*l.* 8*s.* spent for milk and cream, costs the family 15*l.* 12*s.* a month in town, and the head of the family spends 5*l.* a month for his meals while his wife and children are in the country. This latter expense

has been included in the item of 155*l.* 8*s.* for food. The professional man whose family spends the summer in town is rare, and the man who takes three months' vacation is likely to be a clergyman, or to have an income much larger than 1,000*l.* a year.

BUDGET OF PROFESSIONAL MAN'S FAMILY.

*Total Income 1,000*l.**

	£.	s.	d.
Rent	156	0	0
Water		1	16 0
Fuel and gas	25	0	0
Food	155	8	0
Tax on personal property		0	16 0
Life Insurance	60	0	0
Fire Insurance	1	0	0
Railway travel	10	0	0
Christmas and birthday presents	12	0	0
Books and periodicals	5	0	0
Tobacco	5	0	0
Boots	7	0	0
Tailor	40	0	0
Dress	100	0	0
Ice	4	0	0
Church	10	0	0
Telephone	7	4	0
Club	10	0	0
Summer outing	90	0	0
Dentist	6	0	0
Physician	20	0	0
Servants' wages	91	16	0
Education	11	8	0
Balance for savings, other expenses, &c.	170	12	0
Total	1,000	0	0

One item is included in the professional man's cost of living which possibly does not belong there. This is the item of 60*l.* for life insurance. As his insurance policy is of the endowment kind, it must be considered a provision against old age as well as death, and may properly be called an investment rather than one of the expenses of living. The actual savings of this professional man never amount to more than 100*l.* a year, and are frequently much less.

His personal expenses are small. He is a very moderate smoker, and does not go in for sports of any kind. He seldom takes a cab, and when he accompanies his wife to the theatre, they go in the electric 'street car.' Even dining out, except in very bad weather, does not necessitate the expense of a cab. Madame takes a carriage at 4*s.* an hour when she pays formal visits, but for most of her going about the tramway serves.

A STORM IN A BYGONE TEA-CUP.

THERE is small need to emphasise the fact that our ancestors' manners and customs differed very considerably from those of our own day. The very ordinary remark of the genial host, as his guests took their places at the well-furnished dinner table, 'Gentlemen, there are good beds for you all, and a clean floor for those who can't reach them,' sounds but strangely to our latter-day ears, and in our degenerate days would probably foreshadow a dim, yet potent, warning against the 'head' to follow—which 'head,' by the way, seems to have been a *quantité négligeable* in those favoured times.

But it is with no such gay and convivial topics that we propose to deal. On the contrary, alarums and excursions sound in our startled ears, and from the trifling 'not at home' of the stout family butler springs a correspondence leading to recrimination, insult, challenge, and the final calling in of solicitor and friends ere the knotty point can be settled and due apology entitles the belligerents to peace with honour.

An epistolary duel between two 'county families,' baronets and near neighbours, no doubt furnished as much interest and gratification among the surrounding gentry as do similar events nowadays; and, that no item of the quarrel might be wanting to complete the pleasure of the onlookers, one of our contending parties thoughtfully had the entire correspondence printed, and circulated among his friends and neighbours. It is one of those quaint old pamphlets which now lies before us.

The dispute clearly began by the servant of Sir Patrick Blake not admitting Sir James and Lady Crawford when they called at the house of the former at the, to us, somewhat unusual hour of 9.30 P.M.; and on this rather flimsy peg hangs a very pretty quarrel. A short preface or introduction from the pen of Sir Patrick Blake makes this clear to us. It runs as follows:

Sir Patrick Blake, in submitting the following extraordinary facts to the inspection of his friends, takes this opportunity to observe that, as it was afterwards represented to him, Sir James and Lady Crawford called at his house at half past nine P.M. on Wednesday, 9th inst. Sir Patrick was unacquainted with this circumstance, and ignorant even that Sir James Crawford or his family was

in the country till the following morning. In consequence of Sir Patrick's ill health, general orders were given to admit no one at such an hour, except the physician, who had insisted on the necessity for such a precaution. Sir Patrick, therefore, contends for the propriety of the message sent to Sir James Crawford, and he moreover contends for the truth of it, as he was actually so engaged as to be unable to receive Sir James Crawford had he been so disposed.

The letters of Sir James Crawford require no comment. The only observation they extort is this, that, whatever may have been the opinion of others of Sir Patrick's family, there never was, to his knowledge, a Blake who would receive an insult without resenting it.

PATRICK BLAKE.

Oct. 22nd, 1811.

Now begin the letters proper. The 'not at home' rankles in Sir James Crawford's breast, and, seizing his pen, he indites the following :

My dear Sir Patrick—I cannot leave the county without saying a word to you respecting your extraordinary reception of us the other night. If you had sent us word that you were ill, or that you were engaged in business, it would have been perfectly well; but, after Lady Crawford had sent up her name, you desired *your servant* to tell us that you had company and could not receive us. Company I suppose *too good for us to appear in*.

Such a message from anyone else would have been a positive insult. But, my good Sir Patrick, no one minds what you say on any subject—you are so very odd.

Believe me ever, therefore,

Yours,

JAMES CRAWFURD.

P.S.—As I was writing the last words, poor Joseph came to me to offer his services, saying he thought of leaving you. I will therefore speak plainly, to you, as I would to my own brother.

Having brought these two poor black children from the West Indies, you are bound to guard them against poverty for their lives. Consider the disadvantage they are under as blacks. Nobody likes to take a black servant. Could you bear the thought of their being one day in the list of the black poor? *I could not*.

I, too, took a fancy to a nice little black boy when I was in the West Indies, and wished to bring him to England; but when I reflected on all that might happen to the poor devil here, nothing would have induced me to do it. But if I had thought proper to indulge such a *whim*, I should have thought myself bound to provide for him for life.

You talk of Joseph's bettering himself. Why! suppose he did better himself for a time, it must inevitably end in his being on the street. Ask Mrs. A. F. what she thinks of all this. *Show her* this letter. Read Paley, or any other writer on moral obligations. See what they will say.

Oct. 18th, 1811.

Inspired by an almost feminine genius, Sir James Crawford's postscript embraces many matters foreign to the subject in hand. Who Mrs. A. F. may have been we know not, but she, and Paley,

and Black Joseph jostle each other in united struggle for victory, and the first shot having been fired, all goes merrily. Sir Patrick Blake replies as follows, concluding with one of the small quips dear to our forefathers :

To Sir James Crawford, Bart.

Dear Sir James,—Lady Crawford and yourself being refused here on the night you called was in consequence of the orders I had given to admit no one but my physician. No exception was made, not knowing that you were in the country. I was very unwell and had a person with me at the time on business.

I am surprised you should attempt to teach me how to act with regard to my black servants. As Joseph has thought proper to offer himself to you, you are at full liberty to take him.

As I am odd, and you are odd, we are now even.

So believe me,

Yours &c. truly,

PATRICK BLAKE,

Friday Evening, Oct. 18th, 1811.

Sir Patrick Blake, who seems on the whole to have behaved with a certain dignity and moderation, appears to have wished to end the matter here ; but not so Sir James Crawford, who despatches the following :

Whether your oddities and mine be equal in degree or similar in kind, I leave to the world to decide, my good friend ! I believe I have, however, the character of both speaking and hearing *reason*. You are the most wrong-headed man in England, Ireland, or the West Indies. You knew full well who was at your door. I will *prove* that to you another time. Your inhumanity about your blacks is quite revolting.

Adieu !

JAMES CRAWFURD.

Oct. 20th, 1811.

‘ Sir Patrick Blake, from family considerations, had decided to put an end to such unprofitable correspondence by taking no further notice of it, when the following letter was left at his house.’

Sir James Crawford, thirsting for victory, is not to be so ignored !

No, no, my good Sir Patrick ; don't think I am to be gulled by *you*. You knew perfectly well that Lady Crawford was at your door, for, after being denied in the usual form, she sent up her name to Lady Blake, thinking of course she would see her : and in answer to her message, so sent up, you sent down word that *you had company* and could not see us. Now I say that such a message was an insult. . . . Such a message was never sent before, *except when an affront was intended*. . . . Believe me, my dear Sir Patrick, that when I attempt to *teach anybody how to act*, to use your phrase, I shall fix my choice on a more docile man than you and one less wrong-headed. Your heart is good enough, except on the subject of your poor blacks, but your head savours strongly both of the potatoe and the sugar-cane. Two more wrong-headed races do not exist than the West Indian and the Irish ; what must that man be in whom the two unite ?

Whether my oddity and yours be equal in degree or similar in kind I shall leave to the world to decide. I believe, however, that *I* have the character of *both speaking* reason, and being willing to *hear* it. However that may be, believe me, my good Sir Patrick, that your *surprise* will not prevent my pleading the cause of the poor and the friendless. You brought these poor devils out of their country very unadvisedly—they are now, as you know, unfit to return to it. Therefore you are bound to take care of them, to *secure them a provision for life*. They have not a common chance in this country. People do not like black servants—they give a house a West Indian look. . . . For the reason mentioned above, I do not choose to have a black servant—I mean because I don't like to give my house a West India look. I have no connection with that body—it was by mere accident that a West India estate fell to me. My family, not merely my *Scotch cousins* but my own immediate ancestors, were high in office at the Court of Scotland *many centuries* before the West Indies were discovered. A part of our arms came to us from the circumstance of one of these ancestors of mine saving one of these king's lives on a hunting party: for all this I do not desire you to take my word, but I refer you to Nisbet's Heraldry. Now you will perhaps sneer, and grin, and cock your eyes, tip the wink (as it is elegantly termed) to some one, and say you don't understand heraldry. . . .

But you will say, why do I tell you all this? I confess I have some pleasure in doing it, knowing as I do all that has been illiberally and wickedly said by some (particularly that old — Lady Crawford's mother)—I say illiberally said by some, and not very liberally listened to by others. I have sometimes seen a nasty look of distrust about you, my good Sir Patrick! . . . My father had everything that could attract his love—the esteem, the admiration of both man and woman; but was not withal *very humble*. The following verses were written upon him—very just, though they were poetry. They were four—I forget the two first. They ended:

Wit, sense, and comeliness already join,
So every other blessing shall be thine.

He was in his youth *by much the handsomest man of his time*. So handsome that, even in London, where there is so much beauty, male as well as female, the people used to stop in the streets, turn round and look at him as he went along: and withal, as manly as Mars himself: as unaffected as possible, and an understanding respected, and at one time consulted, by Fox himself.

To Sir Patrick Blake, Bart.

The vexed question of the 'not at home' appears to have more or less subsided, and a dissertation on slaves and his own family importance is now substituted by Sir James Crawford. Clearly, mothers-in-law were not invariably treated with due deference in those days, and we have not even ventured to indicate the epithet applied to Lady Crawford's mother, which stands boldly printed in the original. The passing reference to the truth of poetry is delightful, but Sir James Crawford would seem scarcely fitted by nature or memory to have been an able critic on the subject; and the poet himself does not strike one as a master of his art.

The next step is taken by Sir Patrick Blake, who, on the receipt

of this letter, applies to a friend, Mr. Pickwoad, and, 'having put him in possession of the foregoing facts, requests him to procure an interview with Sir James Crawford, for the purpose of ascertaining his motives, and requiring explanation and apology.'

Mr. Pickwoad writes a full account of his interview, which does not appear to have been particularly satisfactory. He is armed with a letter, which was to be delivered when other means had failed to bring about the desired result.

Sir James utterly refuses all apology and explanation, and adds: 'I have a regard for Sir Patrick, but at the same time I consider him the most wrong-headed man alive.'

'I rejoined,' says Mr. Pickwoad, 'that is a matter of opinion, Sir James, and it is not my present purpose to argue the point with you. I am here, at this stage of the business at least, rather as a mediator than in any other capacity, and, foreseeing the result at which we may possibly arrive by any further personal discussion with you, allow me to suggest the expediency of your appointing some friend with whom I may confer for the amicable adjustment of this business. I am anxious to avoid all extremity. At the same time, the honour of my friend is in my hands and must not be compromised.'

To this Sir James replied: 'I will appoint no one, and for this reason—I consider my honour to be more safe in my own hands than in those of any other person.' . . . I then observed: 'Under these circumstances, there remains for me but one course to pursue, which I take, Sir James, with very great reluctance. Allow me to ask once more if you refuse explanation of and apology for those parts of your letter which have given offence?'

The reply of Sir James was, 'Positively—no explanation, no apology: at the same time I do not doubt your reluctance to be the bearer of any unpleasant message.'

I proceeded to say, 'Then I have only to request your attention to the contents of this letter,' putting at the same time into the hands of Sir James a letter addressed to him by Sir Patrick Blake.

Copy of Letter.

Sir,—On your refusal to give the satisfactory explanation of your extraordinary letters addressed to me, I request you to arrange with my friend, who will deliver this, the opportunities for a meeting, whereby we may put an end to this business in the only way which it now seems to admit of.

I am, &c.

PATRICK BLAKE.

Sir James having read the letter said: 'Sir Patrick is mistaken—I shall do no such thing. I am arrived at a time of life when I have left off boyish behaviour. I abhor the principle of the thing. I am unconcerned at the interpretation that may be put upon my refusal to meet Sir Patrick. I meant no insult to him. I am the person insulted in consequence of the reception I met with at his door. Besides we should not meet upon equal terms. I have four children, he has none.'

I replied, 'That reflection, Sir James, is ill-timed. It should have been made before the provocation was given. . . . Have you anything to add to the answer which I have already received?'

Sir James replied, 'Nothing whatever——'

I concluded by saying, 'Then it is useless to prolong our conversation, which I shall be careful to report correctly to Sir Patrick Blake.'

Upon this our interview terminated.

I have only to add that the manner of Sir James Crawford's reception of me was particularly attentive and polite during the whole of this painful discussion.

I am, my dear Sir Patrick,

Very truly yours,

R. PICKWOOD.

Oct. 22nd.

'Thus situated,' continues the pamphlet, 'Sir Patrick Blake had no alternative left but publicly to declare, by a notice affixed in the coffee-room, that Sir James Crawford is no gentleman and a poltroon.'

PATRICK BLAKE.'

'Oct. 23rd, 1811.'

Sir James Crawford does not seem to have taken any very particular heed of the Coffee Room notice, but he writes again to Mr. Pickwood to emphasise his refusal of the challenge :

Dear Sir,—The peremptory tenor of Sir Patrick's note necessarily cut short our conversation, or I believe I could have convinced *you*. Sir Patrick I shall never hope or attempt to convince.

Having completed my fiftieth year on Friday sen'night, I have, be assured, for ever renounced the contemptible alternative proposed to me by poor Sir Patrick. I am sorry Sir Patrick should be so much hurt, but I hope you understand clearly that I refuse his demands in toto.'

Mr. Pickwood once more points out to Sir James Crawford that he did not present the challenge till after the peremptory refusal of any apology or explanation, and, apparently becoming a little tired of the affair, begs to be excused from receiving any further communication on the subject. Sir James Crawford, however, now well in his stride, sends two long and ponderous tirades to the unfortunate Mr. Pickwood. He takes a high and moral view of the question, shows us his mind, 'too strong to be swayed by idle prejudice,' mentions 'the courage which enables him to do his duty,' and repeats his determination 'neither to give the world the *indecent* spectacle of two persons connected as Sir Patrick and I are, going out like two Drawcansirs, or to expose thus unjustifiably a life reserved, I trust, for better purposes.' He adds :

I am, I can assure you, at a loss to conceive what can have given this strange man such mortal offence. If he thinks I have used him ill the remedy is at hand—the only *Christian* remedy, when people have been friends. I mean, to break off all connection. But thirst for a friend's blood!!!! Horrible!! Don't thus prostitute the glorious name of honour. I really fear his gout has affected his head. I return home to-morrow.

Two letters were also received by Sir Patrick Blake, but were returned unopened.

Matters appear to have remained in abeyance till November 2, when Sir James Crawford, whose care for his person seems to have been as pronounced as his views on the blacks, appears to have called in the protection of the law; for we read that another mutual friend writes to inform Sir Patrick that Sir James had been to swear the peace against him:

I begged him to desist from such a step, as I was sure it was not your intention to molest his person. Sir James Crawford asked me if I would answer for your keeping the peace. I assured him I would do all in my power to promote a reconciliation, and pledged myself that you would not molest the person of Sir James Crawford, if you did not receive any fresh provocation or insult from that gentleman.

But 'tis ever darkest before dawn, and now the day is breaking and the clouds roll by. With a deep feeling of relief we read the two last entries:

After a negotiation between friends of the respective parties, the following letters were interchanged:

Sir,—I hereby acknowledge that I sincerely regret that I should have been led to write anything insulting to you. I very willingly apologise for having done so, and declare that I had never any intention of offering any insult to you.

I am, Sir,

Your most obedient Servant,

JAMES CRAWFORD.

Sir,—I hereby acknowledge that I sincerely regret that I was urged, by the provocation given by you, and by your positive refusal of all explanation and satisfaction, to the measure of posting your name in a paper in the Coffee Room.

In consequence of your explanation now given, I am induced to retract the opinion which I declared in that paper of your character and principles.

PATRICK BLAKE.

So ends this wordy war. One wonders rather on what terms the contending parties subsequently lived, and also what was Black Joseph's ultimate fate.

J. C. KENNETT.

MACEDONIAN RELIEF.

BY LADY THOMPSON.

THE half-dozen English, men and women, who spent last winter in the heart of Macedonia as agents for the Relief Funds had certainly an exceptional opportunity of learning something, from the inside, of the conditions of life in the Turkish Empire. The vilayet of Monastir was divided for relief purposes into six districts, with Monastir, Ochrida, Kichevo, Florina, Resna, and Kastoria as centres. Here depôts for the distribution of blankets, clothing, and flour, hospitals and dispensaries were opened, and from these headquarters it was possible to visit and keep in touch with the circle of burnt and ruined villages lying within a radius of some two days' ride. Here, remote from Western civilisation, with no other company but a small staff of Greek or Albanian helpers, an escort of Turkish soldiers, the Kaimakan, the Greek or Bulgarian bishop, possibly a kind and hospitable Bey, and the peasants themselves, the relief agent was brought into close and hourly contact with many of the conflicting elements of Macedonian life, and, if one was forced to make and unmake one's opinions many times over, it was at least impossible not to become vitally interested in every aspect of the struggle. For myself, I may say at the outset that I went to Turkey with no strong political bias and with no settled convictions either way, prompted only by the sympathy with the homeless and suffering, common to all who had read of the troubles in Macedonia, and who knew by experience what such suffering meant.¹

The district of Kastoria, which fell to my share, lies for five months of the year half in mud and half in ice and snow. High roads and bridges, no doubt, exist there as elsewhere in Turkey, but the traveller usually prefers a more direct track, whatever its difficulties may be, to the winding chaussée, and, as the officer in charge of our escort gave his men standing orders never to cross a bridge, we plunged down and up precipitous banks into turbulent streams rather than trust ourselves to such rotten planks as remained in the bridge we saw tottering above our heads. This year one

¹ Miss Kathleen Bruce went out to Macedonia with me, but unfortunately fell ill with typhoid after the first month and was obliged to return to England.

met few travellers upon the road : sometimes a Bey, with his attendants armed with the large and ornamental collection of weapons without which no Albanian considers himself properly dressed ; sometimes a whole village, bringing loads of firewood to the nearest town ; once, with a large mounted escort, the correspondent of the *Novoe Vremya*, the object of even more suspicion and conjecture than myself. Sometimes one passed a flock of brown sheep and goats, guarded by a Wallachian shepherd, who, wrapt in his rough hooded cloak, looked like one of his own herd in a different shape. At long intervals, floating in seas of mud or hidden in snow, hardly distinguishable in colour or form, one came to what remained of once prosperous Bulgarian villages.

There was a certain grim irony in those journeys to the burnt villages, guarded by an escort of perhaps the very soldiers who had wrought their destruction. It says much for the natural courtesy of the Turk and for his resignation to circumstances, be they what they may, that I can remember nothing but good-temper and constant little acts of kindness on the part of every trooper or *souwarri*, whose unpleasant duty it was to travel with us, in all weathers, while we carried relief to their mortal enemies. The fact that the winter was, for Macedonia, a mild one, was claimed by Christians and Mussulmans alike as a special mark of Divine favour. 'See how good God is to the Christians,' one often heard ; 'He knows they have no houses, and He has not sent the snow so early this year ;' while the Turks would say, 'Ah, God remembers our poor soldiers in their tents.' And, indeed, the soldiers had need of pity. Picketed every hundred yards along each line of railway in Turkey, in the snow of the mountain passes or the deep mud of the wind-swept plains, often shoeless, and always in rags, sometimes even without food, their lot seemed most miserable ; but they were ever uncomplaining and ready with the same loyal answer, 'If the Sultan knew we wanted shoes and coats, he would send them tomorrow. But there are bad people round him, and they will not tell him of our need.'

It was no doubt harder for the officer in charge of our escort to acquiesce in a situation which must have seemed to him extraordinary and unnatural in the extreme. The authorities had made it a first condition that an officer or Government *employé* should be present at every distribution which was made, and that he should go with us to each house we visited. Bulgarian women are sometimes not afraid to speak even in the presence of a Turkish

officer, and it was often as unpleasant for him to hear their stories and to witness their sufferings as it was to see English women giving help to those who, from his point of view, had been justly punished for rebelling against the Padishah. But here again, though we exhausted the strength or the patience of three officers in the first month alone, one could only wonder at the forbearance and good temper they had shown in the discharge of such distasteful duty. It gave us something of a shock, certainly, when after a discussion on loyalty to the Sultan we asked the young officer who had been our daily companion for some weeks what he would do if orders came from the palace for the execution of the two English ladies in Kastoria. His cheerful face fell for an instant, but he answered at once with a slight shrug of the shoulders: 'I should have to do it, I should be very sorry;' adding, kindly and seriously, 'but there is no need to suppose the order will be sent.' Everything comes to those who wait in Turkey, and the escort of forty, who were sent with us at first into the so-called dangerous districts, dwindled down after a few weeks to a single *souvarri* (mounted gendarme), who spoke no Bulgarian, and with him I was allowed to visit the villages where and when I pleased.

It is true that there were times of anxiety, when we feared that the Government would put an end to what was, perhaps, the most valuable part of our work, that of medical relief. The Turkish authorities opened a hospital in Kastoria for Bulgarians last December, as a rival to the ambulance we had started earlier, and we were told that before long all our patients would be removed there. The Turkish hospital in Kastoria was a contrast to the so-called hospital the Government authorities had opened before in a village near in response to Mr. Brailsford's representations as to the sickness of the district. When we had visited this wretched attic—for there was but one room—we had found five patients ill with pneumonia and in the sixth bed a child with fully developed small-pox. The doctor had not been there for three days, and the patients had had nothing but bread to eat. But the Turkish hospital in Kastoria was a fine house, far better than ours, and the arrangements, on paper, seemed all that could be wished. But no patients, unless forcibly taken by soldiers, could be induced to go there. At one time our hospital was filled to overflowing, nearly fifty patients lying on mattresses in every available corner in space that perhaps sufficed for twenty-five, and at last we were forced to harden our hearts and to refuse fresh cases. In vain we represented the charms

of the Turkish hospital, its well-aired rooms, its comfortable rugs, its highly qualified doctors. In vain I promised to go there with the patients myself, and to visit them daily. No, if they could not stay with us, they would go back to their villages; and so, weak and aching with fever and influenza, the sufferers would climb again on to their animals and journey back another six or seven hours of weary road, rather than trust themselves to the tender mercies of their foes. But even the hospital difficulties were adjusted in the end, and, on the whole, considering the nature of our mission and the responsibility our presence entailed on the authorities, one could once more only wonder at the consideration and kindness shown to us. Nothing, of course, could have been done without the firm and cordial support of Mr. MacGregor, the British Consul at Monastir, and of Mr. Graves, the Consul-General, and Mr. Heard, the Vice-Consul at Salonica, and, in the last resort, of the Ambassador at Constantinople.

The first questions asked with reference to relief work in Macedonia are usually, Was there real distress, and was the help sent from England really necessary? To both I unhesitatingly answer 'Yes.' The district of Kastoria was by no means the poorest in the vilayet, but without the English blankets, the flour and money given to the widows and orphans, the old and sick, and, above all, without the hospital and doctors supported by the Funds, the suffering and mortality would have been very great. It is, moreover, perhaps allowable to question whether, without the example of English charity, the two monthly doles given by the Sultan to the women and children of the burnt villages would have been forthcoming. 'My Government has rebuilt an immense number of houses for the villagers,' Hilmi Pasha told me last December. 'Perhaps you would like to know the exact numbers.' An official brought in sheets of statistics. The figures ran into some thousands already, but I can affirm, that in the Kastoria region, at all events, no single house has been rebuilt by the Turks. Grants were made to the peasants for rebuilding, varying from a few piastres to £T3; but a sum of less than 4s. will not pay for the construction of even a mud hut, and peasants whose stone houses represented the savings of a lifetime and had cost more than £100 declined to take the proffered grant.

The ravages of earthquake, eruption, and hurricane are terrible enough, but I have seen few pictures of human misery to compare with that of a mountain village to which we came one gloomy

winter's day. A furious blizzard, with blinding clouds of hail and snow that cut like knives, had risen suddenly, as we were crossing the ridge some 2,000 feet high, which divided the village from the outside world, and our horses could scarcely be made to face the blasts that swept down from the snow mountains beyond. The rough Turkish soldiers, with the touching instinctive kindness they always showed us, placed themselves as a screen, as far as they could, between me and the wind, but it was a ride that tested even their powers of endurance. Not a human being was to be seen out of doors when the first of our party rode into the village, and when at last some women caught sight of the horses, their scream of '*Asker, asker*' ('Soldiers, soldiers'), and their terror-stricken flight told their own tale. Fire and dynamite had done their work well; but against the fragments of walls the people had put up some kind of shelter, thatched with grass or reeds, often without door or window, for in the winter it is not possible to prepare timber from the forest for use, and there was no money to buy planks. The whole village was lying sick with influenza and typhoid. In some huts, penetrated by every cruel blast, choked with blinding smoke from the wood fires, the whole family lay groaning on the mud floor, too weak to move even a few inches to escape the drip of snow through the roof, too helpless to prepare any nourishment, even had the means been at hand. We had been drenched by the storm long before we reached the village, but an old umbrella, a last reminiscence of former prosperity, which had survived the chances of war, was discovered and kindly carried over me as we went from house to house. Very little could be done that day to alleviate the suffering. We left the doctor there to spend the night in company with some twenty villagers in the one watertight room left standing; and for days afterwards a melancholy procession of men, women, and children, fastened as best might be on horses and donkeys hired by us from a Turkish village near, came into our hospital in Kastoria. There, under the kindly care of our doctor and two Sisters of St. Vincent de Paul, a few days or weeks of warmth and abundant food were, as a rule, able to restore the sufferers to some measure of health and strength, with which once more to face the privations of their ruined homes.

The life of a Bulgarian peasant is at best devoid of all that we should call comfort, and when I speak here of the Bulgarian I refer of course to the Bulgarian of Macedonia and not to his more fortunate brother in free and prosperous Bulgaria. His staple food

is bread and onions; his mud house contains little beyond the mattress on which the family sit by day and sleep by night, some heavy native rugs, and the few pots and tins which serve his household needs. His wealth—if wealth it can be called—is in his herds and his fields; if he is ambitious—and the Bulgarian makes a successful emigrant, even when he goes as far afield as America—he will go abroad for part of the year to work as a mason or on the railway. But, though the peasant may own the land he cultivates, he finds the 20 or 30 per cent. tax to the Government so burdensome that in many districts he has rooted up his vines rather than pay the tax levied on every tree on his land. The outlook for the peasant this summer is but dreary. He is not allowed to go abroad to work, he can see his flocks in the hands of his Turkish neighbours, and recognise his own cloak on a passing soldier. His store of grain was burnt or carried off by the troops last autumn. This spring, as he had no oxen to plough for him, he has been reduced to the spade, and he has sown perhaps one-third of his usual crops. The burning of villages is unfortunately a recognised necessity even in civilised warfare, and from the point of view of the Turkish Government it was, perhaps, the only means of cutting off supplies from the insurgent bands, and to that extent justifiable as far as such steps ever can be justified; but there can hardly be a method of warfare more disastrous and expensive to all concerned, more cruel and more far-reaching in results, and more calculated to prolong and embitter racial struggles.

Each day's work brought some sad story or picture of its own before us. Four little girls, whose parents had both been shot as they fled from their village; three others—mere babies—whom we found sitting round a great pot in their smoky cabin, their mother dead from exposure, their father incurably ill at the hospital; a young girl in deep distress, because her wedding clothes had been burnt, and now no one would want a portionless bride; the widow of a village priest, a woman with wild hunted eyes who had not slept since the bodies of her husband and his brother had been found on the mountains weeks before, and who, unable to rest, even in our hospital, passed on to die a few days later; haggard boys and girls, whose wounds had remained undressed some six or seven months; men just out of the unspeakable prisons—'We could live there through the winter, but had it been summer we must have died'—a village priest, crippled for life and still prostrate from the bastinado he had endured three times some eight

months before; an old father and mother, who came every week on a hopeless mission, a five hours' journey, to ask if I could give them tidings yet of their deaf and dumb boy, whom the soldiers were supposed to have carried away; sometimes young girls, for whom one could only hope that forgetfulness or death might come; and always a tale of widows, old and young, to which there seemed no end; such were a few of the cases that came to us for what help or comfort we could give. An old black woman in St. Vincent, whose husband and son had been killed in the hurricane, speaking of her loneliness, said to me, 'And when I go to market now, there is only me and my shadow;' but there is something more pathetic still perhaps in a phrase one heard often enough in Macedonia in answer to the question 'How many souls are you?' 'I sit alone.'

There are but two ways of death recognised as possible for a Bulgarian in Turkey in these days, and one soon learnt to ask as a matter of course, 'And how did your husband die, *ot Gospod ili ot Turzi?*' ('from God or from the Turks'); just as there were apparently but two dates when the women had become widows, *ot orema* (a long time ago), or *na lieto-to* (last summer). There is, too, an illness, more or less serious and sometimes fatal, peculiar to Macedonia, openly avowed by the sufferers and recognised by name by the doctors—*strach* (fear). How many women, and men too, did we not see this winter, literally bent to the ground, unable to lift up their heads, unable to walk, unable to speak, and yet organically sound and uninjured! It was not only the horror of burning houses, the hasty flight before the soldiers, the grief for those who fell, but it was the weeks and sometimes months spent in hiding and suspense on the mountains, after the villages were destroyed, and before they dared come back to their ruined homes. They hardly knew how they had lived through those weeks. 'We were five or ten together, and we crawled through the bushes and hid in caves. When our babies cried we smothered them in our jackets, so that no one should hear them. We lived on berries and sometimes three or four women went down to the unburnt villages to bring back food.' Small wonder that few of the babies born since the insurrection survived, and few, too, of their mothers. By one of the strange inconsistencies to which one becomes so rapidly accustomed in Turkey, women are usually sent on difficult missions, because the same soldiers, who in the hot excitement of war will commit the darkest outrages, will, as a rule, refrain from touching a woman at other times. Thus, in a recent disturbance between

Greeks and Bulgarians in Kastoria, when the Turkish troops were called in to restore order, the Bulgarians put their women in front of the crowd, knowing that the soldiers would not hurt them; and this winter, when there was something of a reign of terror along the high roads, it was always the women who were sent out from the villages for wood or water.

Yet the Bulgarian is in no sense a coward. He makes a far better conspirator and insurgent than the Greek. He does not pose, he is in deadly earnest, he is reckless of life, he is frugal and hardy, he can organise, he can be silent, he can wait his time. I came once upon an armed band in hiding in a village when my Turkish guard were waiting in the street below. 'Are you not afraid to be here in your uniform, when the soldiers may come into the house at any moment?' I asked the chief, a man with insurgent written on every line of his person. 'I can only die once, and I am always ready,' and he insisted on escorting me to the very door. Nor can I forget how a band of Komits, when they learnt through a cypher letter that certain well-known Greek bandits had determined to take me and hold me up for ransom—and the ransom paid for a foreigner has often helped to provide insurgents of all parties with the sinews of war—at the risk of their own lives, unknown to me and unseen, formed a guard on each side of the track, as I rode back to my night's quarters, and stayed round my house till daylight, in spite of the presence of some hundred soldiers in search of the Greek brigands, and of my own escort; and how, with a chivalrous consideration more touching still, they had said, 'Do not let Madama know anything of this, in case it should make her afraid when she goes to the villages again.'

It is the custom of one section of the European press to describe the Bulgarian peasant of Macedonia as the tool of the Revolutionary Committee which sits in safety at Sofia, or as a desperado who spends each summer as a picnic on the mountains, with a large supply of cigarettes and a rifle across his shoulder, making occasional descents on the Bulgarian villages round, from which he terrorises provisions and fresh recruits, while once in a way he burns a Turkish *chiflik*, murders a gendarme, or intercepts and robs a team of harmless muleteers. The committee does, no doubt, regulate the movements of the peasants, and, though its methods are by no means always beyond reproach, they are at least well adapted to the end in view, and with this end every

Bulgarian peasant, old or young, in Macedonia is in complete sympathy, even though some may, from prudential motives, hang back from active participation in the struggle. Last April the Patriarch sent round to the Ambassadors in Constantinople a formidable list of the crimes committed by Bulgarians during the past year. There was probably a percentage of exaggeration in the list, and there was certainly a percentage of unjustifiable cruelty; but in many cases there was a reason for what was done. Life is held cheap in the East, and in a country seething with insurrection and riddled with secret organisations the greatest of all crimes is treachery; and for a spy there is and can be but one punishment. The Pope and schoolmaster of a Bulgarian village not far from Kastoria were suspected some weeks ago of 'Patriarchist,' that is to say, of Greek tendencies. To be suspected by the committees is unfortunately also to be convicted. The village met together, and the Pope and schoolmaster were executed in front of the church door. The Turkish authorities very properly arrested the Headman and Elders at once. A few days afterwards a deputation of their wives came to ask me if I would not explain the circumstances to the Kaimakan and ask for their release. It was in vain to represent to them, using their own phrase, 'that life was God's gift' and must not be taken, even by a whole village in conclave, and that punishment must follow. The women would only repeat, 'But they were wicked men, *gospoja*; they were spies, they had to be killed, and the whole village met together and killed them,' and they went away, shrugging their shoulders and sighing, 'She does not understand.'

A very attractive boy was thrown into prison, while I was in Kastoria, as a revolutionary. The *souvarris* themselves told me that the only evidence against him was an umbrella and an old Bulgarian newspaper, found in his room, and he was released after a day or two. He came to see me, righteously indignant at the injustice of his arrest. 'But, as a matter of fact, you *were* with the bands last summer, I suppose?' 'Oh yes; of course I was.' This boy had been concerned in the murder of some thirty men belonging to the one Turkish hamlet in a long tract of country peopled entirely by Bulgarians. The Turks have devoted much time and money and a great deal of persuasion of various kinds during the past centuries to effect the conversion of certain villages built in good strategical positions; and the objections to a settlement of *Pomaks*, as such converts are called, in the heart of a

district deeply committed to the revolutionary movement are sufficiently patent. In any case, the deed was done, and the thirty poor widows in black Turkish garments, with Bulgarian eyes peeping over their white Turkish veils and the well-known Bulgarian voice issuing from their depths, came to us for help, together with the murderers of their husbands, all through the winter. 'Surely it was a very wicked deed,' I said to my friend, the young Komit; 'that is the kind of thing that turns away the sympathy of civilised Christian countries from your cause.' 'Why do you call it a wicked deed, *gospoja*?' We sent the women and children and old men out of the village before we killed any of their men. We were not cruel at all. The men were spies, our lives were in their hands.' It is a point of view that cannot be altogether ignored, when the 'balance of criminality' is in question. A price is on the heads of the leaders of the bands, who are themselves as a rule peasants belonging to the district, and consequently known to every child in the neighbourhood. The visit of a band to a village for rest or for supplies can hardly be kept secret from anyone there, and a single traitor may mean the capture or death of the whole band.

Nothing seems to strike the Western mind as more incomprehensible than the attitude of the Christian subjects of the Porte to each other. Surely, it is said, if their Turkish master were all he is represented to be, Greeks and Bulgarians, Wallachians and Serbs would sink their differences and unite to drive him from his already tottering throne. But it must be borne in mind that these differences are entirely political, and in no sense religious. A Greek would be as little satisfied in the free Macedonia, to which the Bulgarian aspires, as the Bulgarian would be in the extension of the Greek kingdom, which is the dream of Hellenism. It is a question of race and nationality, in no sense of faith or doctrine, and it owes its religious aspect only to the fact that the priests, with the schoolmasters, are on both sides the promoters of the propaganda. Dissensions between Christian nations are not unknown in Western Europe, and the dissensions of Bulgarian and Greek in Macedonia are but further instances of that incompatibility of national temperaments and aspirations which the struggles of Finns and Poles, of Magyars and Celts, have illustrated again and again.

To belong to the Exarchate, in short, means sympathy with Bulgarian aspirations; to belong to the Patriarchate means sympathy with those of Greece, and also at the present juncture a

certain degree of protection from the Porte. The Greek and Bulgarian rites are practically identical, except that Mass is said in ancient Greek in the one and in ancient Slavonic in the other, both being, of course, equally unintelligible to the people. There is but little or no difference in the education given in the country districts by the rival Churches, and none in the status of their village priests. An American Congregationalist missionary, who had spent twenty years in the country, said to a well-known authority on all Eastern matters that never in all his experience had he met one priest of the Eastern Churches in Turkey whom he should call a spiritually minded man. 'Add twenty years to that,' said a high dignitary of the Roman Catholic Church, to whom the remark was repeated, 'and you have my experience also.'

The Greek monasteries of Turkey reveal a curious picture of decay. These vast mediæval buildings, fortress rather than convent, standing on wooded mountain slopes or sheltered among great plane trees by the lakes, once rich and powerful, are now tenanted only by a few monks and lay brothers, who cultivate the fields around. The religious side of monastic life has almost ceased to be, but the monastery supplies the place in Turkey of poor-house and lunatic asylum. Here orphans and widows take up their abode, and in return for shelter occupy themselves in a desultory fashion with the work of the place; and here are to be found those unfortunates into whom it is believed that the Evil One has entered. Only by prayer and fasting can the devil be driven out; and the patient is kept on a diet of bread with vinegar and water, subjected to heavy flagellations, while many prayers are said over him. I have heard, both from doctors and from unprejudiced foreigners, that wonderful cures have been effected by this treatment in certain monasteries of special sanctity; but the process is a terrible one. In a monastery where I spent the night a few weeks ago a village priest, possibly of weak intellect, but certainly quite harmless, was confined in a cell that was nothing more than a noisome hole in the ground; his hands tied across his breast, his neck fastened to the wall by a chain in such a way that he could not lie down, with all the horrors of cold, solitude, and darkness, and this not for days only, but for weeks and even months together, so that it seemed there was little more that human strength or reason could endure. 'Did he know you?' I asked his fellow villager, who had been allowed to see him. 'Oh yes, he did. "Giorgi," he said, "bring me some water. They

have forgotten to give me any to-day." "Does he not want to escape?" "He does not like being there in the dark, but he does not want to leave the monastery."

The monastery of which I write can be reached in five days from London, but, until one remembered that in England too not a hundred years ago the feeble-minded and the insane knew no other treatment, one seemed to have travelled back into the Middle Ages.

The struggles in the cause of propaganda between the rival Churches are not edifying. Threats of persecution and promises of protection are employed liberally by the Exarchate and Patriarchate alike. It is by no means unnatural that the peasants who since the destruction of their villages have received shelter and protection in Greek monasteries should have given in their allegiance to the Patriarch in consequence; but sometimes the system is revealed in a cruder form.

The Patriarchate lately purchased the adherence of several families in a certain village for the sum of £3 a household, for money went a long way this winter. It was necessary to provide a priest for this Orthodox nucleus. A long black robe and a high hat were ordered from Monastir, and by the time they arrived the Archbishop's choice had fallen on an old man, called Paniotti, who, it chanced, had been a patient in our hospital, and who had been allowed to stay on beyond the necessary time because of his extreme poverty. It mattered in no wise that Paniotti was unable to read or write, and that he was quite unfamiliar with the ceremonial or the words of the Liturgy; a confused mumbling in an imaginary tongue would satisfy the peasants for their baptisms, marriages, and funerals, and for the monthly blessing of their houses, and the thin end of the wedge of Greek interests had been inserted in another Bulgarian community.

Yet another net is spread for the soul of the Bulgarian peasant. The convert from the Exarchate to the Roman Church in Turkey will find the same rite to which he is accustomed and blindly attached in the same tongue, the same Ikonostasis screening the altar from the congregation, and, strangest of all to those outside, he will hear Mass said by a married priest. The Uniate Bulgarian Church differs only from her rival sisters in that she is in full communion with the Roman Catholic Church throughout the world, and in that she looks to the Pope as her spiritual head.¹

¹ Roman Catholic and American Protestant missions to the Bulgarians have been in existence for many years, and, though the converts have not been very

What wonder if the peasant, ignorant as to the facts, confused as to the issues, harassed by tax-gatherer, harassed by the committees, harassed by the Archbishop, for the price of a new house or for the sake of a quiet life puts himself on the side which at the moment can promise him the most!

But though they understand but few words of their Mass, though they have vague ideas of doctrine and the least possible amount of instruction and help from their priests, Christianity is still a living reality to the peasants. In a country where to be a Christian implies social disabilities of many kinds and even actual dangers, Bulgarian mothers do not hesitate to tattoo a cross between the eyes of their girl babies. 'When we were on the mountains, how we wept and how we prayed!' said the woman; and I have seen patients in the hospital seize the Crucifix hanging at the Sister's side and kiss it fervently, saying, '*Nash Christus*' ('Our Christ'), with the same pride and joy of possession as they would speak of their own insurgent leader.

There is something of the Mussulman's resignation to a supreme fate, something of his religious fanaticism in the Eastern Christian's attitude to his faith. '*Gospod* and *Kismet*' ('God and Fate') are almost interchangeable words. With the Bulgarian again, as with the Turk, the keeping of fasts is almost the chief feature in his religion. The Bulgarian keeps his Church fasts with a rigour unknown to the Greek; a sick man will touch no meat, and milk is refused even to the unfortunate babies on a forbidden day. 'He is a good man; he neither eats, drinks, or smokes all day in Ramazan,' a Turk will say of some reprobate who has committed every crime forbidden in the Decalogue.

The peasant is strongly attached to his own village. 'Our village used to be the most beautiful of all, and now it is the most miserable,' they would often say; but it generally seemed to be the ruin of his Church even more than of his home that had gone to his heart. The church of a burnt village had usually been left untouched since the soldiers had worked their will on it—the altar overthrown and broken, the eyes and jewels of the Saints in the Ikonostasis torn out, the pictures defaced, the pulpit flung to the ground, the lamps lying in fragments on the pavement. I asked

numerous, they have proved sincere and devout. The missions have been content to work slowly, trusting chiefly to their schools, and perhaps yet more, though unconsciously, to the example of simple and devoted lives, whether of priest and nun or of missionary and teacher.

why no effort had been made to restore some appearance of order after these many months. 'We want Europe to know what has been done to our Churches,' was always the answer, 'and you must tell what you have seen.'

One can but hope that the Eastern Church, strong in its great traditions, strong in the hold it still has, in spite of its present deficiencies, on the peoples of Eastern Europe, may yet have within it the seeds of regeneration. When the day for pruning and purifying comes, as it came in due course to the Western Churches, the branch which now seems dead must surely grow again with renewed vigour.

What, one is often tempted to ask, would any European nation have made of the task of governing Macedonia, with its babel of tongues, its reckless fanatical peoples, its tangled and conflicting interests? The Porte, with its policy of *divide et impera*, has made no effort to impose one language or one creed on its subjects. Difference of language, though it forms no bar to intercourse in a country where the ear is trained from infancy to the sound of many tongues, means difference of interests and ambitions. The Porte has failed to weld these opposing elements together and to produce the sense of security and protection which might have formed some common bond for its subjects, and the task must eventually be given to others. Whether the solution be found in the extension of Servia, Bulgaria, and Greece, or whether by the appointment of a Christian Governor, nominally tributary to the Porte, over the whole country, there is at least one subject on which Turks, Bulgarians, and Greeks are united—the dread of a Russian occupation. 'We would rather all go down to Salonica and drown ourselves in the sea.'

There are tragedies on every side in the Balkan peninsula; but, perhaps, there are few greater tragedies than that presented by the Turkish Empire itself, incapable of reform, dictated to by every Power in turn, conscious that the hand of every man in Europe is against it, conscious that it owes its solitary ally and even its very existence only to the selfish motives of other Powers. 'They want to drive us back into Asia,' said a young staff officer, 'but there will be none of us left to cross the Straits.'

As to the future of Macedonia, for those who have seen the sufferings of its people, and heard from their own lips something of their hopes and fears, who have felt the charm of its wide plains, its desolate mountains, its great lakes, and its old-world customs, there is, alas, no greater comfort than the phrase one hears daily

in many tongues in the East, '*Koe znai?*' ('Who knows?') Want of funds, dissensions among the leaders at Sofia, possibly even a wish to give the so-called reforms some trial, may delay events; but when once the idea of *svoboda* (liberty) has penetrated into the heart and soul of a people as it has with the Macedonians, it can only be a question of time before they obtain what they desire. A people whose children and young women bear arms, whose speech and songs breathe nothing but love of country and desire for liberty, who, knowing well that, without foreign help, their ill-armed hands can have no chance against regular troops, are yet willing, year after year, to sacrifice the finest of their youth for their cause, are not likely to be satisfied with half-measures.

A programme of reforms, it is true, was drawn up some eight months ago, but up till the end of April there was no tangible proof, no vestige of any reform to be found in the interior of Macedonia. The civil agents from Russia and Austria have been sitting for months in conclave with Hilmi Pasha at Salonica. Yet another diplomatic convention between Turkey and Bulgaria has been concluded, and there are actually scattered through Macedonia a few foreign gendarmerie officers, whose powers the skill of the Sultan has reduced almost to vanishing point. But what is there in all this to offer to the peasants and to satisfy their reasonable expectations? How can one ask them to trust the sincerity of Powers and the efficiency of reforms which one doubts oneself?

It rests with Europe to decide whether it must be only after years of suffering, of repeated insurrection, and of yet more bitter retribution, that the end is gained. There are hundreds of Bulgarian villages still unburnt, and the people will rise again and again. 'How long did it take the Americans to get free from England?' a wounded boy of fourteen asked an American missionary. 'They were fighting for seven years.' 'Very well, then we will fight for seventeen.' Mission teachers in Bulgarian schools have told me that in the summer their pupils become absent-minded and indifferent to their lessons. 'What is the matter with you?' they asked a bright child of seven or eight, who seemed unable to master the simplest task. He burst into tears and answered: 'My father and brother have gone to the mountains and I want to go with them.' 'Why didn't you go out with the bands last year?' I asked a little boy of much the same age. 'Because I had no gun. I wish you would give me one.' And to the question, 'What are you going to be when

you grow up?' the children had but one answer, 'A chief of Komits!'

More than once an envelope was put into my hands addressed to M. Constandinos or to M. Pasaskevaides, of Athens. I demurred as to opening it. 'Oh yes, it is for you, but we addressed it in that way in case anyone should see it before it reached you.' It contained a copy of poems, composed in the villages and sung on the mountains, dirges over the flower of the village who now sleep peacefully on the hillside where they fell, national songs with a rhythm and pathos that rang true, in spite of their simple, even prosaic words. Once, as I entered a village about nightfall the boys and then the men met me, singing a patriotic song, which I could only hope my impervious Turkish escort understood less than I did. 'All we want is liberty; we want nothing else. The women are weeping at home, but we cannot weep like women. How can I stay in the village when my brother, whom I love, has gone to the mountains? Forward, forward, liberty and Macedonia!'

'Is there anything you would like me to say for you when I go back to England?' I asked more than once. 'Tell the company in London,' as they usually called the relief committee, 'that we give them boundless thanks for all they have done for us—as many houses as there are in our village, so many grateful hearts are there—and tell them, too, that we look at England to help us gain our freedom.' Again and again did one hear the combination, pathetic when one realised how little it could mean, 'Long live England and Macedonia!'

Looking southward across the Lake of Kastoria, my Greek companion told me that four days' ride over level country would bring one to the frontier of Greece. 'There are one or two Turkish towns,' he said, 'but all the villages you would pass are Greek. The people there do not even understand Bulgarian,' he added triumphantly. 'When we Greeks rise for our liberty here,' a dignitary of the Greek Church said to me, 'we shall count on England to help us. She is our natural friend.' 'If the English came here our country would be rich and happy,' said a Turk of high character and position.

England may officially repudiate a special share in the Treaty of San Stefano, she may delegate her responsibilities to the kindly guardianship of the Powers, she may salve her conscience with relief funds, but the Macedonian Christian will not cease to think that England stands for liberty, and to count on her help in his hour of need.

ART AND LETTERS.

IN that dim and distant æon
 Known as Ante-Mycenæan,
 When the proud Pelasgian still
 Bounded on his native hill,
 And the shy Iberian dwelt
 Undisturbed by conquering Celt,
 Ere from out their Aryan home
 Came the lords of Greece and Rome,
 Somewhere in those ancient spots
 Lived a man who painted Pots--
 Painted with an art defective,
 Quite devoid of all perspective,
 Very crude, and causing doubt
 When you tried to make them out,
 Men (at least they looked like that),
 Beasts that might be dog or cat,
 Pictures blue and pictures red,
 All that came into his head :
 Not that any tale he meant
 On the Pots to represent :
 Simply 'twas to make them smart,
 Simply Decorative Art.
 So the seasons onward hied,
 And the Painter-person died—
 But the Pot whereon he drew
 Still survived as good as new :
 Painters come and painters go,
 Art remains *in statu quo*.

When a thousand years (perhaps)
 Had proceeded to elapse,
 Out of Time's primeval mist
 Came an Aetiologist ;
 He by shrewd and subtle guess
 Wrote Descriptive Letterpress,
 Setting forth the various causes
 For the drawings on the vases,

All the motives, all the plots
Of the painter of the pots,
Entertained the nations with
Fable, Saga, Solar Myth,
Based upon ingenious shots
At the Purpose of the Pots,
Showing ages subsequent
What the painter really meant
(Which, of course, the painter hadn't;
He'd have been extremely saddened
Had he seen his meanings missed
By the Aetiologist).

Next arrives the Prone to Err
Very ancient Chronicler,
All that mythologic lore
Swallowing whole and wanting more,
Crediting what wholly lacked
All similitude of Fact,
Building on this wondrous basis
All we know of early races;
So the Past as seen by him
Furnished from its chambers dim
Hypothetical foundations
Whence succeeding generations
Built, as on a basis sure,
Branches three of Literature,
Social Systems four (or five),
Two Religions Primitive;
So that one may truly say
(Speaking in a general way)
All the facts and all the knowledge
Taught in School and taught in College,
All the books the printer prints—
Everything that's happened since—
Feels the influence of what
Once was drawn upon that Pot,
Plus the curious mental twist
Of that Aetiologist!
But the Pot that caused the trouble
Lay entombed in earth and rubble,

Left about in various places,
 In the way that early races—
 Hittites, Greeks, or Hottentots—
 Used to leave important Pots ;
 Till at length, to close the list,
 Came an Archæologist,
 Came and dug with care and pain,
 Came and found the Pot again :
 Dug and delved with spade and shovel,
 Made a version wholly novel
 Of the Potman's old design
 (Others none were genuine).
 Pots were in a special sense
Echt-Historisch Documents :
 All who Error hope to stem
 Must begin by studying them ;
 So the Public (which, he said,
 Had been grievously misled)
 Must in all things freshly start
 From his views of Ancient Art.
 All (the learned man proceeded)
 Otherwise who thought than he did,
 Showed a stupid, base, untrue,
 Obscurantist point of view ;
 Men like these (the sage would say)
 Should be wholly swept away ;
 They, and eke the faults prodigious
 Which beset their creeds religious,
 Render totally impure
 All their so-called Literature,
 Vitiate lastly in particular
 Pedagogues' effete curricula,—
 Just because they've quite forgot
 What was meant, and what was not,
 By the Painter of the Pot !

Pots are long and life is fleeting ;
 Artists, when their subjects treating,
 Should be very, very far
 Carefuller than now they are.

A. D. GODLEY.

THE ENGLISH FRIENDS OF VOLTAIRE.

BY S. G. TALLENTYRE.

JUST one hundred and seventy-eight years ago there landed at Greenwich, on an exquisite May day, a man who was to reveal the philosophy, the science, and the literature of England to France and to the world; who was to introduce Shakespeare to the Continent, and to hold up the government of England to the admiration and the imitation of all other hierarchies; who was to receive from British thinkers those liberal opinions by which he prepared his countrymen for freedom and the French Revolution; who was to become the first and the greatest of Anglomaniacs; to write English as no foreigner has written it before or since; and to number among Englishmen the closest and the most illustrious of his friends.

The man was Arouet de Voltaire. Some two-and-thirty years old, lean, poor, cynical, not a little ailing in health, a constant thorn in the side of a most paternal government, a scapegrace, a ne'er-do-well, and the greatest genius of France—that country thought herself well rid of him. He had begun life as a notary's son; and the notary had cast him off. He had been the spoilt darling of dissolute women of fashion and the spoilt wit of the great, who were great in nothing but name. For a lampoon on the Regent he had been bastilled. For a fight with Rohan he had been bastilled again. In prison he had changed his name and dreamt of liberty.

When, released at last, he asked for permission to visit England, the authorities of his country naturally hailed with delight so effective a means of ridding their house of an evil spirit. How were they to guess that he would return from that barbarous little island with other spirits, called learning, philosophy, free-thought, enlightenment, more wicked than himself?

Voltaire knew no English when he landed in the spring of 1726 at Greenwich, save a little he may have acquired from some English books he had brought to him in the Bastille. But he had in England at least one powerful English friend. In 1721 and in 1723 he had stayed at La Source, near Orleans, the home of the great

exiled Lord Bolingbroke and of his French bride, who was a niece of Madame de Maintenon.

The brilliant Tory politician, the intimate of Swift and of Congreve, of Gay, of Prior and of Arbuthnot, the 'all-accomplished St. John' of Pope, was at this time about forty-three years old, and, what he was at all times, of boundless passions and ambitions.

Impeached as a Jacobite on the death of Queen Anne, he fled abroad and threw in his lot with the Old Pretender. But that miserable creature, the most despicable of a despicable race, was soon prevailed upon by the favourites who ruled him to dismiss from his councils the only genius they had. Bolingbroke retired to La Source.

Showy in everything and sound in nothing, not a little loose in morals, the author of a daring philosophy, and at war with the powers of his country, Bolingbroke was just the man to appeal to this reckless Arouet of seven-and-twenty. Then, too, my lord spoke French like a Frenchman; and my lady was a compatriot. Voltaire read aloud cantos of his infant epic, the 'Henriade'; and his listeners went into the most flattering raptures. Surely the finest poem ever written in France! No wonder that Voltaire wrote of my lord as having all the learning of his own country and 'all the charm of ours.'

But Bolingbroke was, first of all, not a man of letters, but a free-thinker. From him Voltaire learnt to study the science of Locke and the Newtonianism which he was to teach his clever mistress, Madame du Châtelet, and which were long to be his refuge from her jealous temper and her shrewish tongue. From Bolingbroke he learnt some of the first principles of that creed which, as Voltairism, was to kill with ridicule the debasing superstitions of ages. To Bolingbroke, though Voltaire *did* condemn his style fifty years later, as full of 'distorted expressions and intolerably long periods,' Voltaire's own style owes something of its copious illustration, its vivid and compelling interest. Listening to the man whose conversation excelled his writing, the keen and acquisitive pupil soon, indeed, outstripped the master.

When Voltaire came to La Source he was a philosophic poet; when he left it he was a poet-philosopher. When he landed in England in the spring of 1726 he had formed into a system of his own the teachings of the great St. John; when he left England eighteen months later that system, fertilised by the redundant cleverness of Bolingbroke and matured by the ripened genius of Voltaire, was ready to be given to the world.

It was natural that Voltaire should spend his first evening in England at Bolingbroke's town house in Pall Mall, and it is probable that he did so. The English visit has, indeed, too many probabilities and too few certainties.

But what is certain is that Voltaire used Bolingbroke's two houses in London and at Dawley so much as his own as to have his letters directed there; that to Bolingbroke he dedicated 'Brutus'; that, despite passing storms and his maturer judgment of Bolingbroke's works as 'many leaves and little fruit,' he remained his admiring friend, and owed to him his acquaintance with many others of the great Englishmen of that great day.

There was, indeed, another house even more fruitful of literary society than Bolingbroke's. When Voltaire arrived in England he had there not only a powerful friend but an excellent introduction.

Through the Count de Morville, Horace Walpole, the elder, then ambassador in Paris, made him known to Bubb Dodington, the Whig politician, now 'damned to everlasting fame' by that shameless confession of political dishonesty, the *Diary* published after his death, but rich, generous, and a famous patron of letters. Voltaire became a guest at his house at Eastbury. Here he met Scotch Thomson, who was writing his 'Seasons,' and Young, the place-hunting parson-poet, who was writing his 'Satires.' One incident of that meeting has been often told. Voltaire, for whose gross ear the 'clear trans-lunar music' of Milton's muse was often too pure and fine to be heard aright, objected to his personification of Sin and Death as far-fetched and unnatural. The witty parson looked across the table at the lean, malign, sardonic face of the objector, and answered his objection in an epigram:

You are so witty, profligate, and thin,
At once we think you Satan, Death, and Sin.

Years after, when Young had become the rigid moralist of the 'Night Thoughts,' and Voltaire had written the 'Pucelle' and declared open war against 'L'Infâme,' the strangely assorted pair still held friendly relations. Young convinced the Frenchman in one poem that 'Milton's blindness lay not in his song,' and dedicated to him another, called 'The Sea Piece.' As for Thomson, though Voltaire praised his verses with an admirable *politesse* and damned his tragedies with faint praise as 'elegantly writ,' the very fact that he loved not Nature himself enabled him to detect the same fatal lack in the author of the 'Seasons.'

Another Whig house at which Voltaire was a visitor was Lord Peterborough's. The hospitable host kept his guest three months, and, a finer privilege, introduced him to Swift. In a passion of admiration the impulsive French genius fell at once at the feet of him whom he called 'the greatest of Englishmen.' Here was Rabelais—but 'Rabelais in his senses'; the most extraordinary man that Britain has produced; the wittiest she will ever know; a genius peculiar to herself and to that strange wild island that gave him birth; a priest who mocks at everything; and a writer of prose that will die only with the language.

It was Voltaire, too, who first discovered and displayed the talent in Swift's poetry. It was Voltaire who declared that it was the writings of Swift which made him love the English tongue; Voltaire who bade his clever, idle parasite, Theriot, translate 'Gulliver' into French; and Voltaire who founded upon it his own immortal 'Micromégas.' More than thirty years after their meeting Voltaire was writing to his dear old *aveugle clairvoyante*, Madame du Deffand, of the 'Tale of a Tub' as 'a treasure house of wit;' and he spoke of it to d'Alembert as having done more harm to the Church of Rome than Henry VIII. When he was eighty-two he recalled at Ferney the story of Lady Carteret saying to Swift, 'The air of Ireland is so good!' and of Swift falling on his knees before her crying, 'For God's sake, madame, don't say so in England; they will certainly tax it!' In his own subtle humour and irony, in his withering jests, and the delicate, deadly cruelty of his mockery, surely the author of 'Akakia' and of 'Vanity' owed something to the author of the 'Drapier's Letters' and the 'Modest Proposal.'

Like and unlike, the one with his mighty sword dipped in brimstone, and the other with his flashing knife plunged in fire, the great Swift and the great Voltaire remain the unrivalled princes of satire.

When Voltaire was at Peterborough's, Swift was writing in conjunction with Pope, Gay, and Arbuthnot. To Pope, Voltaire was already known. A story runs to the effect that when the wicked Frenchman was introduced to that artificial, grottoed, porticoed villa at Twickenham, where the irritable, deformed little genius of a Papist poet received all the wit, rank, and beauty of the day and loved an old mother, the old mother was so shocked by the blasphemous and indecent nature of the guest's conversation that she left the room in horror. The fact that when Voltaire first saw Pope he knew no English, and Pope and his mother no French, has not in the least abated the popularity of the story. It was true

enough, indeed, that Voltaire was to hate the comfortable Pope philosophy, presently enunciated in the smooth couplets of the 'Essay on Man,' and to refute it in the passionate earnestness of 'The Poem on the Disaster of Lisbon' and the bantering mockery of 'Candide.' But he loved, not wisely but too well, Mr. Pope's easy rhythm, praised him extravagantly in the 'English Letters,' set the 'Essay on Criticism' above the 'Ars Poetica' of Horace, and copied the 'Dunciad' in the 'Temple of Taste.' Hereafter, too, he told Horace Walpole how, when he had asked Pope why Milton did not write in rhyme, Pope had replied: '*Because he could not.*'

It was inevitable that Voltaire should quarrel with the nervous, sensitive little English poet. The pair were too much alike. Tory Pope and Bolingbroke knew, or fancied, that this energetic, restless, needy Frenchman was intriguing with the Walpoles and the Court party; and a story describes Voltaire as finally parting from Pope as 'a man who never treated me seriously from the first moment of our acquaintance until now.' But, all the same, it was Voltaire who dubbed Pope 'the English Boileau,' and in his headlong admiration for Mr. Pope's manner so far forgave him his matter, as to write even of that 'Essay on Man' as containing 'grander ideas in fewer words than any other poem in the world.'

From Pope to Gay was an easy transition. Mr. Gay had won the popularity of the vulgar by his 'Fables,' and he was about to bid for the popularity of the titled in his 'Beggar's Opera.' Before its publication he read it aloud to Voltaire, who had himself made his literary *début* on the boards, and was passionately attached to the stage. He was introduced to Colley Cibber, and would go to the play and follow it in a printed copy, though he was rude enough to say afterwards that English dramas were like English puddings—'nobody has any taste for them but themselves.' Presently he made the acquaintance of Congreve, a blind, gouty old fop, ashamed of the art which had made him famous and proud of the grandee nobodies who petted him. He magnificently requested that M. de Voltaire would look upon him, not as author, but as a gentleman like any other. 'If you had had the misfortune to be merely a gentleman,' says the Frenchman, who prized the letters which had brought him nothing as the noblest and greatest of all arts, 'I should never have come to see you.'

Through Congreve he made, it is thought, the acquaintance of Sarah, Duchess of Marlborough, herself an authoress and compiling her 'Memoirs' at Blenheim. From her he learnt facts of her

husband's campaigns, which he afterwards used in his 'Charles XII.' and his 'Century of Louis XIV.'; while shrewd old Sarah, on her part, asked his assistance in the compilation of the 'Memoirs.' When Voltaire found he was to tell, not the truth, but what she wished to appear as the truth, he objected; and Atossa, whose 'fury still outran her wit,' seized the papers out of his hand in a rage: 'I thought the man had sense, but I find him, at bottom, either a fool or a philosopher.'

Another story has it that when Voltaire begged the resolute little duchess to see her manuscript, she replied that he must wait a little. 'I am altering the character of Queen Anne; for since this present lot have become our rulers I am coming to love her again.'

Another noble acquaintance of Voltaire's was Lord Chesterfield, of the 'Letters.' The Frenchman went to dine with him in London, but found the fees expected by the servants so outrageous that he refused a second invitation—'My lord's ordinary was too dear.'

Fourteen years later Voltaire again met Chesterfield—this time in Brussels—and read to him passages from his new tragedy 'Mahomet,' which Chesterfield took to be a covert attack on Christianity, but whose ideas—'brilliant, daring, original'—he could not but admire. Later still, my lord became a subscriber to Voltaire's 'Commentary on Corneille,' which he wrote to obtain a dowry for Corneille's great-niece, whom he had adopted as his daughter.

But Voltaire's acquaintance in England was not confined to the nobility, or even to the nobility of letters. With the most inquisitive and acquisitive of all human minds, the man who in the ardour of his own boundless admiration was to reveal Newton to France, began in England to study him himself. The great genius was near his dying when Voltaire landed at Greenwich. When he was himself a very old man, he would record with trembling pride that he had once lived in a land where 'a professor of mathematics, only because he was great in his vocation,' had been buried 'like a king who had done good to his subjects.'

Early in the English visit he was fortunate enough to make the acquaintance of Newton's friend, pupil, and successor, the scientific parson, Clarke, who was concerned in almost every learned discussion of the day, and had translated the 'Optics' of his great master into Latin. Voltaire hotly admired the daring views of the English clergyman. 'Clarke jumped into the abyss, and I—I followed him.' If in some light moment he *did* define metaphysics as 'hard

names which nobody could explain for hard things which nobody could understand,' he found them of an all-compelling interest not the less. It was Clarke, very likely, who introduced him to another great Newtonian, Dr. Pemberton. Pemberton wrote a simplification of the master's theories, from which Voltaire derived much assistance in his own popular explanation of Newtonianism, which so undermined the theories of Descartes that ten years after the publication of 'The Elements of Newton's Philosophy' there were hardly as many Cartesians in France. It was Mrs. Conduit, Newton's niece, who told Voltaire the story of Newton and the apple; and Voltaire who, by twice recording it in his works, preserved it for the world.

He had at least one other scientific acquaintance in England. Sir Hans Sloane was President of the Royal Society, which included Voltaire among its members before the Academy of his own country condescended to admit him. To Sir Hans Sloane he dedicated the two 'Essays'—on the civil wars of France and on the epic poetry of European nations—which he wrote in the English, not of a clever foreigner, but of an English stylist, after only eighteen months' residence in this country.

A person who may have been the wife of Lord Hervey—Pope's 'beautiful Molly Lepell'—or Laura Harley,—the wife of a London merchant—Voltaire sonneted in agreeable English verses. Hervey himself he met. Fifty years after he spoke of him to Martin Sherlock as having as much wit as Lord Chesterfield and more solidity. He was introduced at Court and permitted to dedicate the 'Henriade'—first published in England—to Caroline, the clever wife of George II. Bishop Atterbury he knew, Lord Stair, Byng, and the great Walpole.

But dearer to him than these famous persons—a better man, perhaps, than any of them, and to be one of the closest friends of a long life—was the host with whom Voltaire made his headquarters in England, Everard Falkener, British merchant. He had met Falkener first, it is said, in Paris. With a generous hospitality, the Englishman bade Voltaire consider his villa at Wandsworth as his English home. Upright, cultivated, enlightened, to be Ambassador to Constantinople, secretary to the Duke of Cumberland, and, finally, Postmaster-General, Falkener was at all times the best type of an excellent class, the very backbone of a constitution. In one of the 'English Letters' Voltaire became the first writer who ever glorified trade. What wonder?

He had known Falkener. Was not his honourable career, honourably followed, of more service to his country than that of some lacquey of a lord 'powdered in the top of the mode,' 'who knows exactly at what time the king gets up and goes to bed,' and whose whole duty in life is to hold the royal breeches ready for the royal legs?

To Falkener, Voltaire dedicated 'Zaire.' To Falkener, then at the scene of action as Cumberland's secretary, he wrote for first-hand facts of the war of 1745, that he might do justice in his 'Campaigns of the King' 'to the great actions done by your countrymen, the English.'

It was Falkener who pushed 'The Century of Louis XIV.' in England, and Falkener with whom Voltaire corresponded till the Englishman's death. His two sons came to stay at Ferney. All his life, Voltaire could find no higher praise of a friend than to say he was 'a kind of Falkener.'

During his English visit, or during part of it, Vanbrugh, Steele, Fielding, and Richardson were all alive. But it does not appear that Voltaire met any of them. From Vanbrugh, indeed, he stole many a character. 'Pamela' he despised, and copied in 'Nanine.' 'Clarissa' was abominably long, and there was 'nothing tolerable in "Tom Jones" but the character of the barber.' To be sure, his opinions of their creations might have been different if he had known their authors. It was one of the great Frenchman's charms and snares that he saw his friends all *couleur de rose*.

For his love of English freedom and free-thought as expressed in the 'English Letters,' those letters were burnt soon after Voltaire returned to France, and their too daring author obliged to fly to Cirey. There he taught Madame du Châtelet English in a fortnight, and quarrelled with her in that language to the end of her life. When her death set him free to visit Frederick the Great, he made the acquaintance of Lord Tyrconnel, Irishman, and French Ambassador at Berlin, and of Lady Tyrconnel, who used to act in his company of noble amateurs.

Sheltering at Berlin, too, were the brothers Keith, George and James, the elder Earl Marischall of Scotland, and both gentlemen Jacobites and refugees. Noble not only in rank but in character, among the best adherents of the worst cause that ever inspired loyalty and devotion, even Frederick, who loved so few, loved the Keiths. Voltaire corresponded with them. Two years after he left Prussia, George Keith came to visit him in Switzerland, to plead the cause of an English friend—Byng. The story of Byng is familiar

to all his countrymen. The French had beaten the English on the sea, and, mad with disappointed rage, the blundering ministry of England turned on their luckless instrument, Byng. Voltaire was the lifelong friend of Richelieu, the conqueror. But he was, too, the man of whom it was said that 'for twenty years the redress of judicial wrong' hung entirely on his pen. On December 20, 1756, he wrote to Richelieu telling Byng's story. And that vainglorious person replied generously enough in an open letter, wherein he stated that had Byng continued the fight the English fleet must have been totally destroyed, and that the admiral's misfortune came not from cowardice or inefficiency, but from the hand of God and the valour of the French.

Voltaire wrote to Byng, sending Richelieu's letter. But he could not save the victim. Byng paid the penalty of other men's folly. To Voltaire he left a grateful message and a copy of his defence; and in 'Candide,' with that bantering malice which is his alone, Voltaire sharply satirises the scene of the admiral's execution.

"And why should this admiral be put to death?"

"Because he has not killed enough people; he fought with a French admiral and is not considered to have been sufficiently near to him."

"But," said Candide, "the French admiral was just as far away from the English?"

"That is certainly true," was the answer. "But in this country it is salutary to put an admiral to death now and then *pour encourager les autres*."

When he settled at Ferney and became, as he said himself, the innkeeper of Europe, many of Voltaire's guests were of the nation he so greatly admired. In 1763 he told Madame du Deffand that he had entertained four hundred English people, of whom not one ever after gave him a thought. Their bad manners, indeed, and their frankly unfavourable criticisms on the plays with which he entertained them, might well have disgusted him. But, now and ever, he forgave the unsightly husk for the sound kernel. 'How I love English daring! How I love people who say what they think!'

In 1765 he received a visit from a very remarkable person of that nation. His introducer, Lord Abingdon, was only a typical British traveller, whose portrait Voltaire sketched with a wicked pen next year in his poem, 'The Civil War of Geneva.' Large, bored, and yet phlegmatically enthusiastic, accompanied all over the Continent by his dogs and his undisguised contempt for every

custom and institution which had the misfortune not to be British, Abingdon was welcome at Ferney, as presenting John Wilkes. Wilkes writing to his dear daughter spoke of his host as 'obliging beyond description.' And Voltaire would not have been himself if he had not enthusiastically appreciated the marvellous wit and charm of the greatest of English demagogues.

In 1766 he received a visit from James Boswell, the only man whom toadyism has made immortal. When he got home and reported his doings to his great patron he repeated Voltaire's distinction between the poetry of Pope and Dryden. 'Pope drives a handsome chariot with a couple of neat, trim nags, Dryden a coach and six stately horses.' And old Johnson capped the criticism with his 'Why, sir, the truth is they *both* drive coaches and six; but Dryden's horses are either galloping or stumbling, Pope's go at a steady, even trot.'

Two years later a still more illustrious visitor was at Ferney. Charles James Fox, then a brilliant boy of twenty, and to be the most fascinating personality in English politics, came here several times with a friend, Price, who has recorded all that is known of the visit. Old Voltaire fell in love at once with the frank and generous nature which endeared Charles James even to his enemies, bade him fortify his mind against superstition, showed him the books he should read, drank chocolate with him, and wrote of him, in warm praise and in English, to Lord Holland, 'I love him not only for his father but for himself.'

About the same time Voltaire was writing to a member of the great rival political house, Horace Walpole.

With a just and honest pride, Voltaire reminded Horace how he had first made Shakespeare known to the French; how, forty years ago, he had translated passages of his works, as well as of Milton, of Waller, of Rochester, of Dryden, and of Pope; how, before he wrote, there was no man in France who knew English poetry, and Locke was not even a name. 'For thirty years I have been persecuted by a clique of fanatics for saying that Locke was the Hercules of metaphysics, who had defined the limits of the human intelligence.' 'The discoveries of Newton I first revealed to my countrymen. I, who have been abused for abusing Shakespeare, wrote of him that his genius was all his own, and his faults the faults of his age.' 'I have been your apostle and your martyr; truly English people have no reason to complain of me.'

In 1770 there appeared, rather diffidently, at Ferney, Dr.

Charles Burney, musical, charming, accomplished, fresh from his modest salon in London, where he had entertained Johnson and Garrick, Reynolds and Baretti, and where Fanny sat, shy and silent, 'takin' notes.' Burney was on a tour, gathering information for his 'History of Music,' which he published two years later. He had no introduction to Voltaire but his musical fame and his modest and amiable nature. But that was enough. Voltaire showed him his farms and gardens, talked of English affairs, and vividly recalled the splendid intellectual mastery of Dryden, Pope, and Swift. He observed that now political squabbles had succeeded to poetical, and that he considered both in poetry and government the disputes of the mighty and the clamours of the little were necessary to liberty.

The next remarkable English visitor was a shrewd Scotch doctor, who was travelling physician to the Duke of Hamilton, and to be presently famous as the author of a fashionable novel, 'Zeluco,' and the father of a great son, Sir John, of Coruña.

Dr. Moore was accompanied by his duke. The marvellous old Frenchman at once turned the conversation on to the duke's noble ancestors, recalled that one had accompanied Mary, Queen of Scots, to the Court of France, and flatteringly praised the duke's compatriots—Hume and Robertson.

Moore himself observed Voltaire with a far more discerning eye than most of his English visitors. Scoffer and sceptic? Yes; but also 'the man of Calas,' and the liberator of the Sirvens. Vain and satirical? True, too; but a philanthropist, a benefactor of humankind, a redresser of wrong, and, as such, 'a more useful member of society than the humblest monk who has no other plan in life than to work out his own salvation in a corner.'

Moore went home and wrote his 'View of Society and Manners in France, Switzerland, and Germany,' which contains one of the shrewdest and best appreciations of Voltaire written by an Englishman.

The patriarch of Ferney was now nearing his end. He was eighty-two when Martin Sherlock, also a Briton, who wrote an account of his travels in French, came to see him. The old Anglo-maniac still had his gardens laid out in the English fashion, and proudly recounted that it was he who had introduced that fashion into France; 'and it is become universal.' His bookshelves were still filled with English books. He talked of his old English friends and said of himself, though he could not pronounce English

perfectly, he was not the less exquisitely sensible to the harmonies of the language. He spoke a few sentences in it, though it was fifty years since he had left British shores. He quoted Rochester's epigram on Charles II., and a couple of lines of Roscommon's. He explained to Madame Denis some scenes out of 'Henry V.,' and said of Newton, that if all the genius of the world was gathered together Newton should lead it. His old passion of admiration for English liberty and English law burnt within him still.

When he came to Paris on his last great visit many of his visitors were English.

Chief among them was Benjamin Franklin. The two talked in English of the constitution of the United States. 'If I were forty,' said Voltaire, 'I would go and live in your happy country.' Then Franklin presented his grandson; and the old Frenchman raised his hands to give the boy his blessing, saying only, and in English, 'God and liberty.'

So far as has been recorded these were the last words he uttered in that language which he may be said to have introduced to the Continent. Until Voltaire revealed England, the English tongue, and English thought to Europe, Englishmen, says Goldsmith, were regarded as entirely deficient in taste, and 'our men of wit were not known even by name.' It is to Voltaire 'we owe that our language has taken the place of the Italian among the polite, and that even ladies are taught to admire Milton, Pope, and Otway.'

Carlyle called Voltaire 'the discoverer of intellectual England.' The discoverer himself declared that he was the first person who told the French that England had eminent men besides the Duke of Marlborough. But she is yet more deeply in his debt.

If his criticisms on Shakespeare made Shakespeare known to the Continent, it must not be forgotten that in the country which gave Shakespeare birth they roused men to admire and defend him, whom for two hundred years they had themselves grossly neglected and misjudged. Even in Voltaire's own day, numbers of Englishmen positively believed that it was Garrick who made Shakespeare, and not Shakespeare Garrick. Then, too, Voltaire, by extolling to France the glories of English liberty, made that liberty the dearer to England herself.

His 'English Letters' still remain the finest and most discriminating compliment ever paid to our country in literature; while their author stands forth as the foreigner who at once best understood and best admired England and the English people.

JAPANESE FLOWERS IN ENGLISH GARDENS.

If English gardeners had to stock their gardens with British plants only—and such was almost the case before the middle of the fifteenth century—they might have had pleasant gardens, but the gardens could not have been brilliant in colour, or varied in the number and character of their plants. It is true that we have many very beautiful British plants. Among our true natives we have wood anemones, bluebells, daisies, heather, sea-thrift, traveller's joy, hawthorn, lily of the valley, daffodils, primroses, wild roses, gorse, broom, and, others; and, among strangers that have taken so kindly to our soil and climate that we almost count them as true natives, we have snowdrops, horse-chestnut, the Nottingham crocus, and others. Yet, with all their undoubted beauties, none of them by themselves, nor all together, could be trusted to make a garden beautiful as we now understand it. For most of them the time of flowering is too short, and they would not take rank among the plants which gardeners now call 'furnishing plants.' All that is now changed, and from January 1 to December 31 a well-stocked garden is never absolutely bare of flowers; and that it is not so is owing to the fact that from the end of the fifteenth century there has been a constant importation of good plants, never-ending and still going on, from foreign countries; and among these foreign countries Japan has been a very large contributor to the beauty of our gardens from the early part of the eighteenth century.

I propose in a short paper to give some description of the indebtedness of our gardeners to Japan. I do not propose to give a complete list of all the plants we have received, but rather to pick out the best of them, i.e. those that have made a permanent mark in our gardens, and perhaps to describe some of them at some length, so as to bring out the particular interest attaching to them. In making the selection it will be necessary to name and describe some which are not strictly confined to Japan; they may be found in China, America, and elsewhere, but I shall describe them as Japanese, either because they have come to us direct from Japan, or because they have in many cases

come to us much improved in Japanese gardens. And I wish also to say that when I speak of any plants as completely hardy or otherwise, I am simply giving my own experience, and so am obliged to use such words as 'here,' 'in my garden,' &c., meaning a garden in South Gloucestershire.

In the first opening of the year we learn something of what we owe to Japan. In an ordinary English winter, with an average amount of frosts in December and January, there is not a single English plant in flower before the beginning or even the middle of February. If the previous November and December are very mild, it may be possible to find four British plants in flower towards the end of January, and no more. The four are the hazel, often showing the catkins, or male flowers, and sometimes, but very rarely, the pretty little scarlet female flowers; two poplars; the spurge laurel (*Daphne Laureola*) and *Helleborus fatidus* (a doubtful native). To these some would add the winter aconite (*Eranthis hiemalis*), a most welcome early visitor; but it is not a true native; nor is the snowdrop. It is not surprising, therefore, to find that when Bacon gave his scheme for a *Ver perpetuum* all the year round, he had to confess that 'for December and January you must take such things as are green all winter—holly, ivy, bays, juniper, cypress-trees, yews, &c.'

In this dearth of native flowers it is something to find two good shrubs in flower, for both of which we are indebted to Japan, the *Chimonanthus fragrans*, and the *Cydonia* or *Pyrus japonica*. The *Chimonanthus* was introduced into England in 1799, and is said to have come from China; but from the first it took the name of the Japan allspice, probably because it had been made known to European botanists by Kaempfer's description of it among other Japanese plants in 1712. The flowers often come in December, and I know few more acceptable presents to friends in towns than some of these flowers. They travel well, merely in an envelope, and if put into a saucer of water or damp moss, will perfume a room for many days or even weeks. The scent is very powerful, and to most persons very pleasant; but to some it is too heavy and suggestive of hair-oil. The plant is difficult to increase, but I have raised it from seeds, which, however, are very seldom produced in the open air in England; they are like brown broad beans. The *Cydonia japonica* was introduced into England about the same time as the *Chimonanthus*, and has proved a valuable addition to English spring gardens. It is

abundant in Japan as a low shrub, and in England it seems to be at home everywhere; and, with its brilliant red flowers, perfect hardiness, and easy cultivation, it has been a welcome visitor in many a cottage garden, and in the most highly dressed great gardens. There are many varieties of it, from the purest white to the richest red; and about twenty years ago a new variety was introduced from Japan, by a Bristol nurseryman, of low growth and smaller flowers, but with an abundance of orange-like fruit, which at first was supposed to be a valuable addition to our fruits, especially for jam-making. The promise has not been fulfilled, but the bush is valued, as it has produced many varieties, one of which, sent to me by Herr Max Leichtlin, is prized by me as the most beautiful of spring-flowering shrubs, the flowers being of a rich clear vermilion, and being very abundant and long-lasting.

Another useful shrub for early flowering which we have received from Japan, though it grows in China also, is the winter-flowering jasmine, *J. nudiflorum*. It is often in flower in December and all through January, and is perfectly hardy, and so has its value; but the growth is so stiff that I have never been able to admire it very much. But long before the spring is over we have the lovely flowers of the wistaria, perhaps the most beautiful of all climbing flowering shrubs. It is found in both China and Japan, but it has been always more appreciated in Japan than in China, and is reckoned as among their most favourite flowers. As a wild plant it is abundant in the upper mountainous forests, where it clings to and overtops the highest trees, and eventually kills them, like the lianas of South America. As a cultivated plant it is planted and utilised everywhere in Japan. It is even planted along the banks of rivers, where it forms excellent cables to assist in pulling boats up the stream; and large arbours are formed from it sufficient to hold a hundred or more people. It was introduced into England in the early part of the last century, and when once established there seems no limit to the length of space it will occupy; there are many instances of growth of three hundred yards and more, with every foot covered with flowers in the late spring—almost more flowers than leaves. I have never seen the fruit—a bean—out of doors, but I have seen it on the lovely pure white variety. It is hard to name a more beautiful hardy flower than this; in good seasons it will be a mass of white pendent bunches of flowers, each

eighteen inches in length or more; and from this pendent habit I think it better suited for a pergola than for a wall. In spite of its great beauty, the white form is by no means so great a favourite with the Japanese as the purple one.

Magnolia stellata is one of the most desirable spring-flowering shrubs that Japan has sent us. Like most of the Japanese magnolias, of which I must say more when I come to the trees, the flowers come before the leaves. I have never seen a plant much above six feet high, but a bush of that height will be as thick through, clothed to the ground, and in April covered with hundreds of pure white flowers each about the size of a good tulip, and of a pleasant delicate scent. *Kerria japonica* is another good spring shrub with an interesting history. The double-flowered form was introduced in the beginning of the last century, and at once deservedly became a great favourite. But its botanical affinities were uncertain, and so it took the name of *Corchorus* of the family of *Tiliaceæ*. It was not till thirty years later that the single form arrived, and it was at once seen to belong to the rose family, and had to change its name. Both forms are well worth growing, but for a rich display of colour the double form still more than holds its own.

To Japan we owe the *Hydrangeas*, both the fine blue and white forms, and *H. paniculata*, which, when well grown, is a beautiful bush in summer; but it is very capricious. With these we may join two *Viburnums*: *V. plicatum*, very like our double Guelder rose, but handsomer, and *V. odoratissimum*, which has very fine foliage, but does not generally flower till it has reached a good age. And among the spring shrubs I must not omit the *Photinia*. It is closely allied to the hawthorn, and in some parts of Southern England it has been planted rather largely in woods, but it is not often seen in gardens. It may almost be called a tree, and its special fitness for gardens lies in its handsome evergreen foliage, and the early shoots. These are large and of a rich red, so that at a short distance the tree seems covered with an abundance of fine red, almost scarlet flowers. It is quite hardy. And among evergreen shrubs which make a good show in the spring the *Fatsia japonica* should not be overlooked. It is really a fine Ivy, with large palmate leaves, and in the southern counties may be called a tree. With me it is never more than a low bush, but I have seen it in Devonshire and at Abbotsbury as an excellent shade tree. Perhaps no flowering shrub that Japan has sent us

has been so popular as the *Camellia*, which was one of the earliest of Japanese introductions, and which, though more often seen in greenhouses, is yet quite hardy in the South of England, but will not grow everywhere. I think it dislikes a soil charged with lime, and it is certainly more happy when grown within the influence of the sea. About the same time the *Aucuba japonica* was introduced. The plants introduced were variegated and evergreen, and formed handsome bushes, but they were all male plants, and eighty years passed before Fortune sent the female plant; and since that time the *Aucuba*, with its rich red berries, which it carries all through the winter, has taken its place as one of our best berry-bearing shrubs. Nor must we overlook the lovely varieties of maples of which Japan has sent us so many during the last few years; they have formed a most valuable addition to our deciduous shrubs, and in the colours of their leaves in summer as well as autumn they are unsurpassed. In Japan it is found as a wood plant at high elevations, and some English gardeners think that shade suits them better than bright sunshine; this is not universally accepted, but it is quite certain that in some places they flourish and produce very brilliant colours in dense shade. *Caryopteris Mastacanthus* is a very useful shrub on account of its flowering late in the autumn; it forms a low shrub with pale blue flowers and grey leaves, which are used in the manufacture of mastic. And among our more recent gifts is the *Coriaria japonica*; the flowers are insignificant, but they are followed by masses of brilliant red berries growing all up the long stalks. In beauty, perhaps, it is surpassed by a more recent introduction from the Himalayas, *C. terminalis*, which carries its transparent golden berries at the end of the stalks; both species are highly desirable, but the berries are said to be very poisonous, though the birds eat them greedily.

The list of Japanese flowering shrubs is a very long one, but I must not quite pass by the *Azalea*, the *Diervilla*—more commonly known as the *Weigelia*, the *Osteomeles*, *Nandina*, *Abelia*, *Berberis*, *Pittosporum tobira*, *Elæagnus*, *Styrax*, and *Rubus phœnicolasius*; but want of space compels me to say but a few words on each of these. The *Azalea* requires no description from me; nor does the *Diervilla*, but it may be well to note that the shrub should always be cut back rather closely immediately after flowering; the *Osteomeles* is a pretty rosaceous shrub with delicate foliage and white flowers; and it is interesting from its curious

geographical range ; its known habitats being at present confined to Pitcairn Island and Japan ; *Nandina* is a very delightful shrub ; it is a true native of Japan, and has been called the sacred bamboo of Japan—yet it is no bamboo, but closely allied to the Berberis ; the foliage at all times of the year is beautiful on account of the variety of colouring in the young shoots ; but in England neither the flowers nor fruit are remarkable, for though it flowers freely, it seldom produces much fruit ; but in the South of Europe the bunches of berries are in great request for Christmas decorations. The *Abelias* are excellent autumn-flowering shrubs, and do not require a wall ; and in autumn they produce an abundance of brown and white flowers, which are very attractive and useful. Of the Berberis family we have several from Japan : the *B. Thunbergi* is very lovely in the colouring both of its spring and autumn foliage ; and *B. japonica* is the handsomest of all the large-leaved berberids. *Pittosporum tobira* is very seldom seen, but I know of no shrub that keeps its deep green leaves so surely through the winter ; and in the spring it has bunches of sweet flowers ; but probably it is not really hardy north of London, and everywhere it asks for a sheltered position. Every *Elæagnus* is worth growing either for its foliage, flowers, or fruit, and they are all quite hardy ; the under-side of the leaf of *E. reflexa* is of a rich velvety brown, and is a beautiful object under the microscope, being entirely composed of stellate hairs. There are three or four species of *Styrax*, all very beautiful in flowers, but scarcely surpassing either in flower or scent the beautiful *S. officinalis* of South Europe. *Rubus phoenicolasius* is a very handsome bramble ; the whole plant, and especially the calyx of the flowers, is covered with red hairs, which end in a cup, like the sundew, and are fly-catchers ; the fruit is now known as the wine berry, and is much liked by some, but to me it seems mawkish. The last among the flowering shrubs that I can now name—except the roses—is the *Citrus trifoliata*, a true orange, with very pretty deciduous foliage, and very formidable thorns. With me it is quite hardy, and produces in spring an abundance of small white sweet-scented flowers followed by golden oranges, of no value as fruit, but helping to make the bush a very handsome object. There is no doubt that it might be used as a hedge-plant, and I have seen a hedge of it at Baveno on the Lago Maggiore, between the English church and the town, immediately adjoining the public road ; in such a position it is really dangerous to

passers-by, for the strong thorns, three inches long, are worse than barbed wire. It is now being tried in America as a stock for the better oranges, and it is believed that by its help good oranges may be grown even near New York.

Japan has few roses, but we have received two from there which are pre-eminent, *R. rugosa* and *R. polyantha*. *R. rugosa* was for many years known only from the description by Thunberg, but it was introduced into English gardens about fifty years ago. In Japan it grows chiefly on sandy soil near the sea-shore, and it might perhaps be useful as a binding plant on dunes; but as a garden plant it holds a very high rank, and there are now many varieties of it, all beautiful, but I think none more so than the original single white. *R. polyantha* is one of the best of climbing roses, and the abundant bunches of small white flowers are delightful. Both these roses lend themselves readily to hybridising, and very beautiful garden roses have been obtained from them; and in all the hybrids the marks of the parents are curiously permanent. The hybrids raised from *R. rugosa* always show their parentage in the wrinkled leaves; and the hybrids of *R. polyantha* always have the saw-like stipules that are so marked in the species.

It is time to come to the trees, though I leave unnoticed many good flowering shrubs that ought not to be passed over. Japan is rich in good conifers, many of which have proved very ornamental additions to English gardens: such as *Chamæcyparis*, *Thujopsis dolabrata*, *Sciadopitys verticillata* (the umbrella pine), *Cryptomeria japonica*, and others; but I must pass them all by, because I wish to give a more detailed account of the Maidenhair tree, which I consider almost the best gift we have received from Japan. It was described and well figured by Kaempfer in 1712, and was sent by him to Europe with its Japanese name, *Gingko*. This name was altered in 1797 to *Salisburia adiantifolia*, which well describes the likeness of the leaf to the maidenhair fern, though the Japanese compare it to the web-foot of a duck; but, according to the present laws of botanical nomenclature, the old name, *Gingko biloba*, has been restored. It came to England about 1750, and has ever since been held in high esteem as one of the best and most graceful trees that can be planted on a lawn. It rather resembles a fine pear-tree in shape, with abundance of foliage, but not too thick, and in the autumn the leaves put on a beautiful tint of old-gold, which they keep for many weeks after

they have fallen. But with all these advantages it is very seldom seen; though for planting in town parks few can equal it. The male and female flowers are borne on separate trees, and though it has flowered on the old tree at Kew, the oldest, I believe, in England, I am not aware that it has ever fruited in England. In the botanic gardens at Geneva there are two fine trees, and abundance of fruit; and at Cannobio, on the Lago Maggiore, there is a pretty little avenue of them just outside the town, from which I gathered plenty of ripe fruit. In its early years it is a slow grower, but once established it grows more freely. The great interest of the tree lies in its history as a tree. It belongs to the yew family, and is almost the sole survivor of an extinct type of tree; and though it has only been known as a living tree in England for 150 years, it is a very old inhabitant, as leaves and fruit have been found in a fossil state in the inferior oolite beds of the Yorkshire coast, in the Stonesfield Slates, in the island of Mull, and elsewhere. Of a very different character, but in its way as great an ornament to our lawns, is the *Paulownia imperialis*. It was introduced long after the Gingko, but its grand foliage, and trusses of purple flowers like foxgloves, have made it more popular. The flowers however are not often seen, as the buds are formed in the autumn, and will only survive for flowering if the winter is very mild. By cutting it down to the ground, or even cutting back the branches, very magnificent foliage plants are formed, so that I have seen leaves that were not fully covered by an open sheet of *The Times*. It is quite hardy in England, but does better further south; at the hotel gardens at Vevey I measured one with a diameter of more than five feet, and a spread of branches over sixty-five feet, and another on the pretty island in the middle of Lake Orta seemed still larger; but as it was behind a wall I could not measure it. Among other fine flowering trees we owe to Japan I must not overlook the *Magnolia*. *M. obovata* and *M. conspicua* are beautiful objects when in full flower in the spring; though perhaps the beauty would be increased if the fine white flowers were accompanied with leaves; but we can admire them and be thankful for them as they are.

Among fruit trees Japan has sent us two of high value, the Loquat and the Persimmon. The Loquat, or Japan medlar, is well worth growing for its fine foliage only, and I have never heard of its producing fruit out of doors in England, though it will sometimes produce flowers in the southern counties. I

suppose that it would not even live north of London, but in Southern Europe it forms a very handsome tree, and produces abundance of its refreshing fruit. The Persimmon (*Diospyros Kaki*) is a much hardier plant, and it is surprising to me that it is not more grown. I have had it for many years as a wall-tree, and am always delighted with its handsome leaves, which in autumn put on most gorgeous colours. The flowers are of little beauty, but the fruits make a splendid show on the tree, and with me they are sometimes as large and ripen as well as in the Riviera; but they require to be picked before the frosts come, and to be ripened in the greenhouse. As a dessert fruit both for beauty and flavour they are very hard to beat; and my experience is that the tree can be as easily grown, and with as much certainty of fruit, as a peach or nectarine.

We owe a great deal to Japan for many beautiful herbaceous plants. The list is naturally headed by the chrysanthemum, which, though native also in China, and much appreciated by the Chinese, has been taken as the national flower of Japan, and has been so improved by the Japanese that in the gigantic flowers now produced it is almost impossible to trace any likeness to the small but pretty wild flower from which they have all sprung. Probably no flower has done so much to brighten our greenhouses in the winter months, and the ease with which good plants can be grown, and the long endurance of the flowers when cut, will probably long continue to keep up its popularity. The Japanese anemone has proved a great acquisition to our gardens, and it also is native both in China and Japan. The white form is one of our most beautiful autumn flowers, and where it likes the soil it almost becomes a weed; but it will not grow everywhere. The yellow Day Lily (*Hemerocallis*) is a very old inhabitant of our gardens, and always welcome; its extreme hardiness and abundance of flowers make it welcome to every garden, and the Japan primrose (*P. japonica*) is a grand member of a beautiful family, but it is very particular in its choice of a garden; I have never succeeded with it.

Of all the herbaceous plants that Japan has given us, I suppose the palm would be given to her lilies and irises. If she had sent us nothing more than *L. auratum* and *L. longiflorum*, we might well have been content. Both of these grand lilies are in the first rank of their beautiful family, and by many would be considered the most beautiful; and as they seem equally at home

indoors or in the open air, they must rank as amongst the most useful. But they are very capricious; it is not often that they seem quite happy, and neither of them will do with me; but how well they will do when they feel themselves quite at home will be well known to those who have seen them in the gardens of the late G. F. Wilson at Wisley, where they grew as if they were the natural product of the country, with very little attention. Let us hope that they will keep up their beautiful growth under the new management of the Horticultural Society, to whom the garden now belongs. Very much the same must be said of the lovely *Iris Kämpferi* or *lævigata*. With the Japanese it is one of the chief favourites; and no garden of any size is without a large extent of this iris. In some places in England it grows as well as in Japan, and is especially suited for the sides of shallow ponds; but in most gardens I fear that the experience is the same as mine, that the plants will last only a few years; but everyone should give it a trial. And as the last of the herbaceous plants that I can name I must say a little about the grasses. The *Miscanthus*, better known as *Eulalia*, is a most graceful grass. It has not the feathery plumes of the Pampas grass, and indeed is not often seen in flower; but for beauty of foliage it is far better, and the zebra-leaved variety is very ornamental, and a great puzzle. But of all the grasses none can equal the bamboos, and those which we have received from Japan are nearly all hardy, and have in some respects given a completely new character to many gardens. I cannot here go into all the beauty and interest of bamboos, and there is no necessity for my doing so, for everything worth knowing about them can now be well and pleasantly learned from Lord Redesdale's 'Bamboo Garden,' an indispensable book to the grower of bamboos, as the author has a most intimate acquaintance both with Japan and with bamboos.

I must leave unsaid all that might be said of Japanese climbers and bring my paper to a close. I wish to say again that I hope every reader will look on it as the merest sketch of the indebtedness of English gardens to Japan. I have simply picked a few of the best of the flowers here and there, and strictly confined myself to those of which I have a personal knowledge and experience. To do the work in full would almost require a volume of the CORNHILL, as those well know who have any acquaintance with the literature of Japanese botany. I am not 'gravelled for lack of matter,' but for lack of space. I should have liked to show how our

indebtedness is increased by the short time during which we have received plants from Japan. We had been receiving plants for more than two hundred and fifty years from the great continent of America, before our gardens had one plant from the comparatively small islands of Japan; and yet it is not too much to say that Japan has left a greater mark on the ornamental character of our gardens than America. And I should also have liked to say something on the climatic conditions of Japan, which have enabled it to do so much for English gardens; and on the curious connection between the flora of Japan and North America—but space forbids.

In one respect Japan and England come very near together. We pride ourselves on our gardens, and call ourselves as a nation lovers of gardens and flowers. Japan is a nation of gardeners, and every man, woman, and child is passionately fond of flowers; with them gardening is a religion. We may then associate ourselves with them as brother-craftsmen, and I shall not offend against the laws of strict neutrality if I end my paper by the wish that my brother-craftsmen in Japan may soon have the blessing of an honourable and lasting peace in which they may again quietly exercise their skill in the cultivation of beautiful flowers, to their great delight and profit and to our great advantage.

H. N. ELLACOMBE.

THE LITTLE GIRL.

To queen it by virtue of her latent womanhood—to evoke the tenderest chivalry, the most poignant affection—to touch with tiny fingers the heart-strings that lie too deep for tears, these are the prerogatives of the European girl-child. The Oriental one is on a very different footing, a drug in the market, a waste product not seldom destroyed at birth to obliterate the discredit of her luckless mother. But in the West, and in England especially, there is no heart but succumbs to that ethereal charm from which nothing can vitally detract. The great blue eyes of one child hold you captive, though her kisses be glutinous with toffee; the confiding hand of another throws you into a fervour of protective love, though tears bedaub her lovely pink and white. (The muddiness of infant tears is astounding.) The small girl is set apart from the beginning on a pinnacle of devotion. She may punch her little brother's head, but it will go hard with him should he retaliate. She may impel her nurse to the verge of sheer frenzy with the vagaries of her caprice: what then? Punishment rolls off her like thistledown: threats go in at one shell-ear and out at another. Her airy irrelevance flouts the heavy artillery of a parental lecture, and the lecturer flounders painfully after that butterfly irresponsibility which none shall hope to overtake. Theoretically, she is to be kept in lavender all her days: she need never jostle with the clumsy facts of life. The serious attention to a future career which must eventually be expected of her masculine contemporaries need trouble her no whit. Too often, however, an adventurous nature reverses this condition, and she cherishes very secretly a thousand gallant purposes. Conjoined with her brother in boyish sports and plans, her nimble wit outruns his laggard reason, and she will face unmoved the emergency whereat he pales and flinches. If, on the other hand, she be a dreamer buried in books, the salient necessities of life become irksome to her. It is intolerable that one should be called away to tea from the very apex and crisis of a fairy tale; and the fiat of a change of raiment may throw her into spasms of inarticulate wrath. Should she early fall into the meshes of ambition, Heaven help her! It will trip her up at

every turn. Better for her that the treasures of her enthusiasm be expended upon the doll and all that pertains to it. The doll is the natural safety-valve for one's emotions; also one can punish it most satisfactorily when the world goes awry. Sometimes, indeed, its nose is put out of joint by its living prototype. Margaret, aged six, entered her kindergarten after many days' absence, with so effulgent a face as must kindle curiosity in the dullest. 'Yes, I've had a bad cough and cold,' she explained, 'I had to stay at home. But what *luxury* do you think I had yesterday?' The mistress suggested grapes, jujubes, black-currant jelly. 'No,' says Margaret, clasping ecstatic hands, 'a BABY!' She jingled two pennies in her pocket, and was seen, homeward-bound, to emerge from the toyshop with a pink paper fan as an offering to the new divinity.

It is not easy, as a rule, to grow intimately acquainted with the little girl. She is elusive, diffident, reserved. The little boy comes half-way to meet your advances, outpouring his confidence with the frankest friendliness. You know where to have him; you know that certain subjects are bound to find his heart. But his sister remains always more or less a *terra incognita*—even in her most expansive moments. Her reserve deepens as her legs lengthen; and the dimpled little dumpling of three, who would have toddled to you with her most cherished secrets, becomes at nine a stand-offish abstracted creature, irresponsive to the adroitest overtures, and apparently sharing no common ground of interest with you. Even the madcap tomboy child, the hoyden in miniature,

Swift, lithe, plastical,
High-fantastical,
In feats gymnastical
Enthusiastical,

evades your mental grip with the most vexatious agility, and barricades herself suddenly behind glaciers of aloofness. This tendency to the unexpected is one of the little girl's chief charms, but it is strangely disconcerting none the less, the result being that you 'don't get no forrarder' with her. *La donna è mobile* to such an extent that I doubt if the most sedulous mother can keep pace with all her moods.

'The happiest women,' says George Eliot, 'like the happiest nations, have no history,' and this is especially true of little girls. No sunshine of after years can quite efface the memories of a

dreary, clouded childhood. No liberty of happiness ever does away with that bitter blinding sense of injustice which rankles so cruelly in the mind of a sensitive child ill-governed. Consciously or unconsciously, all life takes its colouring from one's first years. The little girls of great fiction are all predestined to storm and stress. The sole reason of your introduction to them as children is to prepare the way for their subsequent development into victims of outrageous fortune. The little Consuelo, dangling her bare feet into the lagoon water as she threads her *fiore di mare*; the small rebellious Maggie Tulliver, shearing her black unruly locks; the tiny coquette Trix Esmond, always alert to 'play off little graces' for the ensnarement of a stranger; Lorna Doone among her savage captors; Lyndall in the *Story of an African Farm*; Elsie Venner shackled by mysterious fate—these are typical specimens of the child for whom the future is inconceivable, save as a *via dolorosa*.

Oddly enough, it is always brunettes who are thus revealed to us in young childhood. I cannot recall a single instance of blonde beauty similarly depicted. Perhaps the fair, lymphatic type is less susceptible of ultimate evolution into the strenuous and much-enduring creature of circumstance, the true heroic woman. The 'icily regular, faultlessly null' mould of a Griselda Grantly is but the natural outcome of that virtuous immaculate anomaly, the 'angel in a bib'; and to such serene pre-eminence the dark impulsive child, with her countless little rages and remorse, can never hope to attain. But who shall say which is the dearer, the 'wee croodlin' doo,' cuddlesome, timid, rarely in disgrace, exquisite with the ephemeral tints of spring's own white and gold, pale blue and rose; or the tumultuous high-spirited gipsy-faced child, brown as Mother Earth, excitable as the sea, blown about by every wind of emotion? The first, it may be, appeals more strongly to the guardian paternal instinct, and to that unwritten Anglo-Saxon law which decrees that 'child' and 'fair' shall usually be synonymous. The second courts the yearning anxieties of mother-love; for the mother rejoices to be spent on the object demanding most of her in pain and prayer. The greater the cost, the higher the value. I wager you will find she loves her naughtiest child the best.

From whole regions of the world's romance, the little girl is entirely absent. In the novel of adventure she plays no part. What should she do among the drawing of swords, the rattle of

halyards, and tramp of horses? Scott, Stevenson, Dumas, Kingsley, Meredith, Kipling—to name only half a dozen—have ignored her completely. Whenever she figures in fiction at all, it is either for the ultra-pathetic destiny of early death—as in the case of Dickens's 'Little Nell'—or for the chivalric development of some stripling—this you will find in many modern novels—who, having frolicked with her in childhood, weds her, after apparently insurmountable obstacles, on the last page but one. Her third *raison d'être* is that already alluded to—the inevitable tragedy lying in wait for her. There is one immortal child, however, who fits in with none of the foregoing conditions: the most popular, the most widely quoted child that ever was invented. Even her obsolete dress of the late 'Sixties, her tightly drawn-back straight hair, white stockings, little prim pocketed apron (for you can never dissociate her from Tenniel's illustrations), fail to tarnish the perennial attractiveness of 'Lewis Carroll's' Alice. But I gather that 'Lewis Carroll,' like Ruskin, laboured under a chronic infatuation for little girls.

A new era of loveliness dawned for our heroine with Kate Greenaway's drawings. The quaint picturesquenesses of the present day, who glance at us demurely beneath their little furred hoods, or out of their blossom-like sun-bonnets, are very different externally from the crinoletted be-trousered children whom our mothers would fain forget. Yet childhood has never forgone its implicit sweetnesses—no, not when most disguised in monstrous apparel, most cabin'd, cribb'd, confin'd by regulations, etiquettes, and formalities. The little girl of Charles I., peeping forth in Vandyke's picture through her stiff bondage of attire, is essentially the same as the dainty rogues in porcelain who smile at us from the canvases of Sir Joshua. The children of bygone centuries, however, were less happy than ours in one particular. Their childhood was curtailed as far as possible: it was accounted a blemish, to be outgrown with haste. The blessed nursery years were hurried through, and the joyful possibilities of play subordinated to maturer studies—studies of books and men, especially the latter. Fifteen was an ordinary marriageable age. Hence we find a precocity of eroticism among the children of the eighteenth century, which is absolutely repugnant to modern taste, and which finds no modern parallel except in isolated instances and among the lower classes. Childhood is now a happier period because of its longer duration, and from the

indulgence meted out, perhaps too lavishly, to all its shortcomings, moral and mental. The pitiful tiny figures of baby princesses, betrothed in their very cradles, are absent for ever: the scholastic furnace is shut down, through which one emerged such a miracle of learning as Lady Jane Grey at sixteen. Two things remain intact through the ages—that undeviating maternal instinct of the child-heart, the most touching, most celestial trait of woman in the making; and that extraordinary piquancy of infantine logic, which so floors and ‘stumps’ the less flexible-minded parent. Probably most people are acquainted with the story of the little girl who is allowed (oh, gruesome permission!) to view her uncle in his coffin, and is told that he has gone to Heaven. Little girl, the day after the funeral: ‘Mamma dear! do you think God has had time to unpack Uncle Edward yet?’ . . . Or again, though it should rank as a ‘chestnut,’ take the tale of the little girl who had picked up bad language from the grooms. The vicar, summoned by a horrified mother, remonstrates: ‘A little bird has told me that you sometimes use naughty words.’ ‘Oh, I know,’ says Miss Pinafore promptly, ‘it was one of those d—d sparrows!’

The poets have always had an adoring eye on this small epitome of woman. She appeals to their sense of humour, as in Prior’s delightful verses *To a Child of Quality Five Years Old*—to their veneration for that Age of Innocence of which the little girl is still the most ideal image, as in *We are Seven* and *Lucy Gray*. They recognise in her a power of virginal self-seclusion from gross earthly surroundings which may enable her crescent faculties to absorb and assimilate beauty—a theory summed up in the imperishable *Three years she grew in sun and shower*. Finally, of her they foster an ardent conviction that she alone of God’s creatures may, by some inherent process of sanctity, remain unspotted from the world—that her trailing clouds of glory shall never ‘get a little dusty at the hem,’ and that no serpent shall dare to invade the Eden of her pure white soul. Alas! I fear the poets delude themselves. The actual little girl of real life is all the more lovable for her weak humanity. Fairy-tale writers, too, who are of the poetic fellowship, make much of their little Gerdas and Snowwhites and Cinderellas. But nursery literature, austere veracious, abounds in examples of Missy in all her most reprehensible phases—from the melancholy

parable of Red Riding Hood to the peccant Polly Flinders—from Goldenhair, who gobbled the Three Bears' porridge, to Jemima, who 'stood upon her head on her little truckle-bed, and then began hurrying with her heels.' This constant attribution of original sin reaches a climax in those unhappy ones of the *Fairchild Family*, Lucy and Emily, whose every deed demanded a minatory sermon on the spot.

Two little girls stand out as representative children of the nineteenth century—one at either end—Marjorie Fleming and 'W. V.' Never was there a more enchanting little sinner than Marjorie, who would have been among the first to allow that 'when she was good she was very, very good, and when she was bad she was horrid.' Witty, wilful, sensitive, consumed by that 'wild hunger to be beloved'—never did death summon from the evil to come a soul more manifestly pre-ordained to suffering. Witness her diary, at six and seven years old:

I confess I have been more like a little young devil than a creature for when Isabella went upstairs to teach me religion and my multiplication and to be good and all my other lessons I stamped with my foot and threw my new hat which she had made on the ground and was dreadfully passionate. . . . It was the very same Devil that tempted Job that tempted me I am sure, but he resisted Satan though he had boils and many other misfortunes which I have escaped. . . . I am now going to tell the horrible and wretched plague that my multiplication gives me, you can't conceive it the most Devilish thing is 8 times 8 and 7 times 7 it is what nature itself can't endure. . . . Remorse is the worst thing to bear and I am afraid that I will fall a martyr to it.

Do you suppose Scott worshipped his Maidie any the less for her poor little revolts and repentances? On the contrary, he would have endorsed 'W. V.'s' *dictum*, 'Little girls ought not to be too good. *If they only did what they were told*, they would be good enough.' There is not much likelihood of the brilliant erratic baby genius ever being 'too good.' As to 'W. V.', it may be that the emotional artistic temperament of such children wears out the tender little frame before its time. Her stories and play-lets and charming little nature poems—all the pathetic residuum of a lovely fugitive spirit—are on a higher level of achievement than were Pet Marjorie's attempts. But then she lived three years longer than Marjorie, and was perhaps altogether of a saner vivacity.

For the average little girl, it is advisable that her virtues be chiefly negative ones. Hence a certain air of nonentity sometimes underlies her alluring shyness. That feeble assumption of

authority by which she bullies her family to her will is but the lion's hide thrown over a natural subordination to authority. To face the probable future for her is almost unendurable—to consider that the stings of love, the pangs of motherhood, the pomps and vanities of a blatant world, even now ambush those darling feet! Yet the shades of the prison-house close round her at an earlier age than her little brother. A vague consciousness of sex inspires and prompts her: all the arts of coquetry spring suddenly to light. That mysterious terminus of matrimony, to which she dimly imagines all feminine paths as trending, invites her pensive curiosity. She interrogates her evasive elders. 'If my name was Jones, and I married a Duke,' says Six-Year-Old, 'would he be Mister Jones, or should I be Mrs. Duke?' 'When you die and I get married,' enquires Three-Year-Old, 'can my husband have your watch and chain?' Nobody ever quite realises what amazing problems continually find more amazing solution in those little brains, what unruly hearts are pulsing towards the catastrophes of life beneath those clean starched frocks. Upon the mind of a child—

God takes the characters of fate outworn,
And writes them fair again:

but the little girl has not long to enjoy them in their primal lucidity. Too soon the flower-sweet lips of Phyllis or Dorothy become eloquent with the hideous currencies of dress-talk. Your little daughter, the child whose childishness was a perpetual delight, too soon grows weary of her toys, and scorns the amenities of the nursery table. Education completes the disaster, scrawling her smooth mind with undecipherable legends. No longer she stitches tears into samplers, or esteems it a cardinal sin to hanker after prettier hats than her own. She is petted and caressed and sheltered; but she sheds her petals of simplicity with the passing years. In the end, it may be, she returns *à ses premiers amours*: the eyes of a girl of twenty will sometimes recapture the innocence of three. But the wild freshness of morning faded when she forsook her playthings, faded with that *beauté du diable* which was almost incredible while we watched it. The doll-years were the best.

MAY BYRON.

HISTORICAL MYSTERIES.

BY ANDREW LANG.

VIII. THE GOWRIE CONSPIRACY.

THE singular events called 'The Gowrie Conspiracy,' or 'The Slaying of the Ruthvens,' fell out, on evidence which nobody disputes, in the following manner. On August 5, 1600, the king, James VI., was leaving the stables at the House of Falkland to hunt a buck, when the Master of Ruthven rode up and had an interview with the monarch. This occurred about seven o'clock in the morning. The Master was a youth of nineteen; he was residing with his brother, the Earl of Gowrie, aged twenty-two, at the family town house in Perth, some twelve or fourteen miles from Falkland. The interview being ended, the King followed the hounds, and the chase, 'long and sore,' ended in a kill, at about eleven o'clock, near Falkland. Thence the King and the Master, with some fifteen of the Royal retinue, including the Duke of Lennox and the Earl of Mar, rode, without any delay, to Perth. Others of the King's company followed: the whole number may have been, at most, twenty-five.

On their arrival at Perth it appeared that they had not been expected. The Earl had dined at noon, the Royal dinner was delayed till two o'clock, and after the scanty meal the King and the Master went upstairs alone, while the Earl of Gowrie took Lennox and others into his garden, bordering on the Tay, at the back of the house. While they loitered there eating cherries, a retainer of Gowrie, Thomas Cranstoun (brother of Sir John of that ilk), brought a report that the King had already mounted, and ridden off through the Inch of Perth. Gowrie called for horses, but Cranstoun told him that his horses were at Scone, across the Tay, two miles off. The gentlemen then went to the street door of the house, where the porter said that the King had *not* ridden away. Gowrie gave him the lie, re-entered the house, went upstairs, and, returning, assured Lennox that James had certainly departed. All this is proved on oath by Lennox, Mar, Lindores, and many other witnesses.

While the company stood in doubt, outside the gate, a turret

window above them opened, and the King looked forth, much agitated, shouting 'Treason!' and crying for help to Mar. With Lennox and most of the others, Mar ran to the rescue up the main staircase of the house, where they were stopped by a locked door, which they could not break open. Gowrie had not gone with his guests to aid the King; he was standing in the street, asking 'What is the matter? I know nothing;' when two of the King's household, Thomas and James Erskine, tried to seize him, the 'treason' being perpetrated under Gowrie's own roof. His friends drove the Erskines off, and some of the Murrays of Tullibardine, who were attending a wedding in Perth, surrounded him. Gowrie retreated, drew a pair of 'twin swords,' and, accompanied by Cranstoun and others, made his way into the quadrangle of his house. At the foot of a small dark staircase they saw the body of a man lying—wounded or dead. Cranstoun now rushed up the dark stairs, followed by Gowrie, two Ruthvens, Hew Moncrieff, Patrick Eviot, and perhaps others. At the head of the narrow spiral stair they found, in a room called the Gallery Chamber, Sir Thomas Erskine, a lame Dr. Herries, a young gentleman of the Royal Household named John Ramsay, and Wilson, a servant, with drawn swords. A fight began; Cranstoun was wounded; he and his friends fled, leaving Gowrie, who had been run through the body by Ramsay. All this while the other door of the long Gallery Chamber was ringing under the hammer-strokes of Lennox and his company, and the town bell was summoning the citizens. Erskine and Ramsay now locked the door opening on the narrow stair, at which the retainers of Gowrie struck with axes. The King's party, by means of a hammer handed by their friends through a hole in the other door of the gallery, forced the lock, and admitted Lennox, Mar, and the rest of the King's retinue. They let James out of a small turret opening from the Gallery Chamber, and, after some dealings with the angry mob and the magistrates of Perth, they conveyed the King to Falkland after nightfall.

The whole results were the death of Gowrie and of his brother, the Master (his body it was that lay at the foot of the narrow staircase), and a few wounds to Ramsay, Dr. Herries, and some of Gowrie's retainers.

The death of the Master of Ruthven was explained thus:—When James cried 'Treason!' young Ramsay, from the stable door, had heard his voice, but not his words. He had sped into the quad-

range, charged up the narrow stairs, found a door behind which was the sound of a struggle, 'dang in' the door, and saw the King wrestling with the Master. *Behind them stood a man, the centre of the mystery, of whom he took no notice.* He drew his whinger, slashed the Master in the face and throat, and pushed him downstairs. Ramsay then called from the window to Sir Thomas Erskine, who, with Herries and Wilson, ran to his assistance, slew the wounded Master, and shut up James (who had no weapon) in the turret. Then came the struggle in which Gowrie died. No more was seen of the mysterious man in the turret, except by a townsman, who later withdrew his evidence.

Such was the whole affair, as witnessed by the King's men, the retainers of Gowrie, and some citizens of Perth. Not a vestige of plot or plan by Gowrie and his party was discoverable. His friends maintained that he had meant, on that day, to leave Perth for 'Lothian,' that is, for his castle at Dirleton, near North Berwick, whither he had sent most of his men and provisions. James had summoned the Master to meet him at Falkland, they said, and Gowrie had never expected the return of the Master with the King.

James's own version was given in a public letter of the night of the events, which we only know through the report of Nicholson, the English resident at Holyrood (August 6), and Nicholson only repeated what Elphinstone, the secretary, told him of the contents of the letter, written to the King's dictation at Falkland by David Moysir, a notary. At the end of August James printed and circulated a full narrative, practically identical with Nicholson's report of Elphinstone's report of the contents of the Falkland letter of August 5.

The King's narrative is universally accepted on all hands, till we come to the point where he converses with Alexander Ruthven, at Falkland, before the buck-hunt began. There was such an interview, lasting for about a quarter of an hour, but James alone knew its nature. He says that, after an unusually low obeisance, Ruthven told the following tale:—Walking alone, on the previous evening, in the fields near Perth, he had met 'a base-like fellow, unknown to him, with a cloak cast about his mouth,' a common precaution to avoid recognition. Asked who he was, and what his errand 'in so solitary a part, being far from all ways,' the fellow was taken aback. Ruthven seized him, and, under his arm, found 'a great wide pot, all full of coined gold in great pieces.' Ruthven keeping the secret to himself, took the man to Perth, and locked

him in 'a privy derved house'—that is, a room. At 4 A.M. he himself left Perth to tell the King, urging him to 'take order' in the matter at once, as not even Lord Gowrie knew of it. When James said that it was no business of his, the gold not being treasure trove, Ruthven called him 'over scruplous,' adding that his brother, Gowrie, 'and other great men,' might interfere. James then, suspecting that the gold might be foreign, brought in by Jesuits for the use of Catholic intriguers, asked what the coins and their bearer were like. Ruthven replied that the bearer seemed to be a 'Scots fellow,' hitherto unknown to him, and that the gold was apparently of foreign mintage. Hereon James suspected that the gold was foreign and the bearer a disguised Scots priest. He therefore proposed to send back with Ruthven a retainer of his own with a warrant to Gowrie, then Provost of Perth, and the Bailies, to take over the man and the money. Ruthven replied that, if they did, the money would be ill reckoned, and begged the King to ride over at once, be 'the first seer,' and reward him 'at his own honourable discretion.'

The oddity of the tale and the strangeness of Ruthven's manner amazed James, who replied that he would give an answer when the hunt was over. Ruthven said the man might make a noise, and discover the whole affair, causing the treasure to be meddled with. He himself would be missed by Gowrie, whereas, if James came at once, Gowrie and the townsfolk would be 'at the sermon.' James made no answer, but followed the hounds. Still he brooded over the story, sent for Ruthven, and said that the hunt once ended he would accompany him to Perth.

Here James adds that, though he himself knew not that any man was with Ruthven, he had two companions, one of whom, Andrew Henderson, he now despatched to Gowrie, bidding him prepare dinner for the King. This is not part of James's direct evidence. He was unknowing and unsuspecting that any man living had come with Ruthven.

Throughout the chase Ruthven was ever near the King, always urging him 'to hasten the end of the hunting.' The buck was slain close to the stables, and Ruthven would not allow James to wait for a second horse: that was sent after him. So the King did not even tarry to 'brittle' the buck, and merely told the Duke of Lennox, Mar, and others that he was riding to Perth to speak with Gowrie, and would return before evening. Some of the Court went to Falkland for fresh horses, others followed slowly with weary steeds. They followed 'undesired by him,' because a report

rose that the King had some purpose to apprehend the oppressive Master of Oliphant. Ruthven implored James not to bring Lennox and Mar, but only three or four servants, to which the King answered 'half angrily.'

This odd conduct roused suspicion in James. He had been well acquainted with Ruthven, who was suing for the place of a Gentleman of the Bedchamber, or Cubicular. 'The farthest that the King's suspicion could reach to was, that it might be that the Earl, his brother, had handled him so hardly, that the young gentleman, being of a high spirit, had taken such displeasure as he was beside himself'; hence his curious, agitated, and moody behaviour. James, as they rode, consulted Lennox, whose first wife had been a sister of Gowrie. Lennox had never seen anything of mental unsettlement in young Ruthven, but James bade the Duke 'accompany him into that house' (room) where the gold and the bearer of it lay. Lennox thought the story of the gold 'unlikely.' Ruthven, seeing them in talk, urged that James should be secret, and bring nobody with him to the first inspection of the treasure. The King thus rode forward 'between trust and distrust.' About two miles from Perth, Ruthven sent on his other companion, Andrew Ruthven, to Gowrie. When within a mile of Perth, Ruthven himself rode forward in advance. Gowrie was at dinner, having taken no notice of the two earlier messengers.

Gowrie, with fifty or sixty men, met James 'at the end of the Inch'; the Royal retinue was then of fifteen persons, with swords alone, and no daggers or 'whingers.' Dinner did not appear till an hour had gone by (say 2 P.M.). James whispered to Ruthven that he had better see the treasure at once: Ruthven bade him wait, and not arouse Gowrie's suspicions by whispering ('rounding'). James therefore directed his conversation to Gowrie, getting from him 'but half words and imperfect sentences.' When dinner came Gowrie stood pensively by the King's table, often whispering to the servants, 'and oft-times went in and out,' as he also did before dinner. The suite stood about, as was custom, till James had nearly dined, when Gowrie took them to their dinner, separately, in the hall; 'he sat not down with them as the common manner is,' but again stood silent beside the King, who bantered him 'in a homely manner.'

James having sat long enough, Ruthven whispered that he wished to be rid of his brother, so James sent Gowrie into the hall to offer a kind of grace-cup to the suite, as was usual—this by

Ruthven's desire. James then rose to follow Ruthven, asking him to bring Sir Thomas Erskine with him. Ruthven requested James to 'command publicly' that none should follow at once, promising that 'he should make any one or two follow that he pleased to call for.'

The King then, expecting attendants who never came, because Ruthven never summoned them, walked alone with Ruthven across the end of the hall, up a staircase, and through three or four chambers, Ruthven 'ever locking behind him every door as he passed.' We do not know whether James observed the locking of the doors, or inferred it from the later discovery that one door was locked. Then Ruthven showed 'a more smiling countenance than he had all the day before, ever saying that he had him sure and safe enough kept.' At last they reached 'a little study' (a turret chamber), where James found, 'not a bondman, but a free-man, with a dagger at his girdle,' and 'a very abased countenance.' Ruthven locked the turret door, put his hat on his head, drew the man's dagger, pointed it at the King's breast, 'avowing now that the King behoved to be in his will and used as he list,' threatening murder if James cried out, or opened the window. He also reminded the King of the death of the late Gowrie, his father (executed for treason in 1584). Meanwhile the other man stood 'trembling and quaking.' James made a long harangue on many points, promising pardon and silence if Ruthven at once let him go. Ruthven then uncovered, and promised that James's life should be safe if he kept quiet; the rest Gowrie would explain. Then, bidding the other man ward the King, he went out, locking the door behind him. He had first made James swear not to open the window. In his brief absence James learned from the armed man that he had but recently been locked up in the turret, he knew not why. James bade him open the window 'on his right hand.' The man did as he was commanded.

Here the King's narrative reverts to matter not within his own observation (the events which occurred downstairs during his own absence). His narrative is amply confirmed, on oath, by many nobles and gentlemen. He says (here we repeat what we began by stating) that, during his own absence, as his train was rising from dinner, one of the Earl's servants, Cranstoun, came hastily in, assuring the Earl that the King had got to horse, and 'was away through the 'Inch' (isle) of Perth. The Earl reported this to the nobles, and all rushed to the gate. The porter assured

them that the King had not departed. Gowrie gave the porter the lie, but, turning to Lennox and Mar, said that he would get sure information. He then ran back across the court, and upstairs, and returned, running, with the news that 'the King was gone, long since, by the back gate, and, unless they hasted, would not be overtaken.'

The nobles, going towards the stables for their horses, necessarily passed under the window of the turret on the first floor where James was imprisoned. Ruthven by this time had returned thither, 'casting his hands abroad in a desperate manner as a man lost.' Then, saying that there was no help for it, the King must die, he tried to bind the royal hands with his garter. In the struggle James drew Ruthven towards the window, already open. At this nick of time, when the King's friends were standing in the street below, Gowrie with them, James, 'holding out the right side of his head and his right elbow,' shouted for help. Gowrie stood 'ever asking what it meant,' but Lennox, Mar, and others, as we saw, instantly ran in, and up the chief staircase to find the King. Meanwhile James, in his agony, pushed Ruthven out of the turret, 'the said Mr. Alexander's head under his arms, and himself on his knees,' towards the chamber door which opened on the dark staircase. James was trying to get hold of Ruthven's sword and draw it, 'the other fellow doing nothing but standing behind the King's back and trembling all the time.' At this moment a young gentleman of the Royal Household, John Ramsay, entered from the dark *back* staircase, and struck Ruthven with his dagger. 'The other fellow' withdrew. James then pushed Ruthven down the back stairs, where he was slain by Sir Thomas Erskine and Dr. Herries, who were coming up by that way. The rest, with the death of Gowrie, followed. A tumult of the townsmen, lasting for two or three hours, delayed the return of James to Falkland.

Such is the King's published narrative. It tallies closely with the letter written by Nicholson, the English agent, to Cecil, on August 6.

James had thus his version, from which he never varied, ready on the evening of the fatal day, August 5. From his narrative only one inference can be drawn. Gowrie and his brother had tried to lure James, almost unattended, to their house. In the turret they had an armed man, who would assist the Master to seize the King. Events frustrated the conspiracy; James was

well attended; the armed man turned coward, and Gowrie proclaimed the King's departure falsely to make his suite follow back to Falkland, and so leave the King in the hands of his captors. The plot, once arranged, could not be abandoned, because the plotters had no prisoner with a pot of gold to produce, so their intended treason would have been manifest.

How far is James's tale corroborated? At the posthumous trial of the Ruthvens, in November, witnesses like Lennox swore to his quarter of an hour of talk with Ruthven at Falkland before the hunt. The *early* arrival of Andrew Henderson at Gowrie's house, about half-past ten, is proved by two gentlemen named Hay, and one named Moncrieff, who were then with Gowrie on business to which he at once refused to attend further, in the case of the Hays. Henderson's presence with Ruthven at Falkland is also confirmed by a manuscript vindication of the Ruthvens issued at the time. None of the King's party saw him, and their refusal to swear that they did see him shows their honesty, the point being essential. Thus the circumstance that Gowrie ordered no dinner for the King, despite Henderson's early arrival with news of his coming, shows that Gowrie meant to affect being taken by surprise. Again, the flight of Henderson on the very night of August 5 proves that he was implicated: why else should a man fly who had not been seen by anyone (except a Perth witness who withdrew his evidence) in connection with the fatal events? No other man fled, except some of Gowrie's retainers who took open part in the fighting.

James's opinion that Ruthven was deranged, in consequence of harsh treatment by his brother, Gowrie, is explained by a dispute between the brothers about the possession of the church lands of Scone, which Gowrie held, and Ruthven desired, the King siding with Ruthven. This is quite casually mentioned in a contemporary manuscript.¹ Again, Lennox, on oath, averred that, as they rode to Perth, James told him the story of the lure, the pot of gold. Lennox was a man of honour, and he had married Gowrie's sister.

Ruthven, on his return to Gowrie's house, told a retainer, Craigingelt, that he 'had been on an errand not far off' and accounted for the King's arrival by saying that he was 'brought' by the royal saddler to exact payment of a debt to the man. Now

¹ 'The True Discourse of the Late Treason,' *State Papers*, Scotland, Elizabeth, vol. lvi. No. 50.

James had just given Gowrie a year's immunity from pursuit of creditors, and there is no trace of the saddler's presence. Clearly Ruthven lied to Craigmelt; he had been at Falkland, *not* 'on an errand not far off.'

That Cranstoun, Gowrie's man, brought the news, or rumour, of the King's departure was admitted by himself. That Gowrie went into the house to verify the fact; insisted that it was true; gave the lie to the porter, who denied it; and tried to make the King's party take horse and follow, was proved by Lennox, Lindores, Ray (a magistrate of Perth), the porter himself, and others, on oath.

That the King was locked in by a door which could not be burst open is matter of undisputed certainty.

All these are facts that 'winna ding, and downa be disputed. They *were* disputed, however, when Henderson, Gowrie's factor, or steward, and a town councillor of Perth, came out of hiding between August 11 and August 20, told his story and confessed to having been the man in the turret. He said that on the night of August 4 Gowrie bade him ride very early next day with the Master of Ruthven to Falkland, and return with any message that Ruthven might send. He did return—when the Hays and Moncrieff saw him—with news that the King was coming. An hour later Gowrie bade him put on a shirt of mail and plate sleeves, as he meant to arrest a Highlander in the Shoe-gait. Later, the King arriving, Henderson was sent to Ruthven, in the gallery, and told to do whatever he was bidden. Ruthven then locked him up in the turret, giving no explanation. Later the King was brought into the turret, and Henderson pretends that, to a faint extent, he hampered the violence of Ruthven. During the struggle between Ramsay and Ruthven he slunk downstairs, went home, and fled that night.

It was denied that Henderson had been at Falkland at all. Nobody swore to his presence there, yet it is admitted by the contemporary apologist, who accuses the King of having organised the whole conspiracy against the Ruthvens. It was said that nobody saw Henderson slink away out of the narrow stair, though the quadrangle was crowded. One Robertson, however, a notary of Perth, gave evidence (September 23) that he did see Henderson creep out of the narrow staircase and step over the Master's dead body; Robertson spoke to him, but he made no reply. If Robertson perjured himself on September 23, he withdrew his evidence, or

rather, he omitted it, at the trial in November. His life would not have been worth living in Perth—where the people were partisans of the Ruthvens—if he had adhered to his first statement. In the absence of other testimony many fables were circulated as to Henderson's absence from Perth all through the day, and, on the other hand, as to his presence, in the kitchen, during the crisis. He was last seen, for certain, in the house just before the King's dinner, and then, by his account, was locked up in the turret by the Master. Probably Robertson's first story was true. Other witnesses, to shield their neighbours, denied having seen retainers of Gowrie's, who most assuredly were present at the brawls in the quadrangle. It was never explained why Henderson fled at once if he was not the man in the turret. I therefore conceive that, as he certainly was at Falkland, and certainly returned early, his story is true in the main.

Given all this, only one of two theories is possible. The affair was not accidental; James did not fall into a panic and bellow 'Treason!' out of the window, merely because he found himself alone in a turret—and why in a secluded turret?—with the Master. To that theory the locked door of the gallery is a conclusive reply. Somebody locked it for some reason. Therefore either the Ruthvens plotted against the King, or the King plotted against the Ruthvens. Both parties had good grounds for hatred, as we shall show—that is, Gowrie and James had motives for quarrel; but with the young Master, whose cause, as regards the lands of Scone, the King espoused, he had no reason for anger. If James was guilty, how did he manage his intrigue?

With motives for hating Gowrie, let us say, the King lays his plot. He chooses for it a day when he knows that the Murrays of Tullibardine will be in Perth at the wedding of one of the clan. They will defend the King from the townfolk, clients of their Provost, Gowrie. James next invites Ruthven to Falkland (this was asserted by Ruthven's defenders): he arrives at the strangely early hour of 6.30 A.M. James has already invented the story of the pot of gold, to be confided to Lennox, as proof that Ruthven is bringing him to Perth—that he has not invited Ruthven.

Next, by secretly spreading a rumour that he means to apprehend the Master of Oliphant, James secures a large train of retainers, let us say twenty-five men, without firearms, while he escapes the suspicion that would be aroused if he ordered them to accompany him. James has determined to sacrifice Ruthven (with whom he

had no quarrel whatever), merely as bait to draw Gowrie into a trap.

Having put Lennox off with a false reason for his accompanying Ruthven alone in the house of Gowrie, James privately arranges that Ruthven shall quietly summon him, or Erskine, to follow upstairs, meaning to goad Ruthven into a treasonable attitude just as they appear on the scene. He calculates that Lennox, Erskine, or both, will then stab Ruthven without asking questions, and that Gowrie will rush up, to avenge his brother, and be slain.

But here his Majesty's deeply considered plot, on a superficial view, breaks down, since Ruthven (for reasons best known to himself) summons neither Lennox nor Erskine. James, observing this circumstance, rapidly and cleverly remodels his plot, and does not begin to provoke the brawl till, being, Heaven knows why, in the turret, he hears his train talking outside in the street. He had shrewdly provided for their presence there by ordering a servant of his own to spread the false rumour of his departure, which Cranstoun innocently brought. Why did the King do this, as his original idea involved no need of such a stratagem? He had also, somehow, persuaded Gowrie to credit the rumour, in the face of the porter's denial of its possibility, and to persist in it, after making no very serious attempt to ascertain its truth. To succeed in making Gowrie do this, in place of thoroughly searching the house, is certainly the King's most striking and inexplicable success.

The King has thus two strings to his nefarious bow. The first was that Ruthven, by his orders, would bring Erskine and Lennox, and, just as they appeared, James would goad Ruthven into a treasonable attitude, whereon Lennox and Erskine would dirk him. The second plan, if this failed (as it did, because Ruthven did not obey orders), was to deceive Gowrie into bringing the retinue under the turret window, so that the King could open the window and cry 'Treason!' as soon as he heard their voices and footsteps below. This plan succeeds. James yells out of the window. Not wanting many spectators, he has, somehow, locked the door leading into the gallery, while giving Ramsay a hint to wait outside of the house, within hearing, and to come up by the back staircase, noted, for this very purpose, by the astute King.

The rest is easy. Gowrie may bring up as many men as he pleases, but Ramsay has had orders to horrify him by saying that the King is slain (this was alleged), and then to run him through

as he gives ground, or drops his points; this after a decent form of resistance, in which three of the King's four men are wounded.

'Master of the human heart,' like Lord Bateman, James knows that Ruthven will not merely leave him, when goaded by insult, and that Gowrie, hearing of his brother's death, will not simply stand in the street and summon the citizens.

To secure a witness to the truth of his false version of the matter James must have begun by artfully bribing Henderson, Gowrie's steward, either simply to run away, and then come in later with corroboration, or actually to be present in the turret, and then escape. Or perhaps the King told his man-in-the-turret tale merely 'in the air'; and then Henderson, having run away in causeless panic, later 'sees money in it,' and appears, with a string of falsehoods. 'Chance loves Art,' says Aristotle, and chance might well befriend an artist so capable and conscientious as his Majesty. To be sure Mr. Hill Burton says 'the theory that the whole was a plot of the Court to ruin the powerful House of Gowrie must at once, after a calm weighing of the evidence, be dismissed as beyond the range of sane conclusions. Those who formed it had to put one of the very last men in the world to accept of such a destiny into the position of an unarmed man who, without any preparation, was to render himself into the hands of his armed adversaries, and cause a succession of surprises and acts of violence, which, by his own courage and dexterity, he would rule to a determined and preconcerted plan.'¹

If there was a royal plot, *without a plan*, then James merely intended to raise a brawl and 'go it blind.' This, however, is almost beyond the King's habitual and romantic recklessness. We must prefer the theory of a subtly concerted and ably conducted plot, constructed with alternatives, so that, if one string breaks, another will hold fast. That plan, to the best of my poor powers, I have explained.

To drop the figure of irony, all this hypothesis is starkly incredible. James was not a recklessly adventurous character to go weaponless with Ruthven, who wore a sword, and provoke him into insolence. If he had been ever so brave, the plot is of a complexity quite impossible; no sane man, still less a timid man, could conceive and execute a plot at the mercy of countless circumstances not to be foreseen. Suppose the Master slain, and Gowrie a free man in the street. He had only to sound the tocsin,

¹ Burton, *History of Scotland*, v. 336.

summon his devoted townsmen, surround the house, and ask respectfully for explanations.

Take, on the other hand, the theory of Gowrie's guilt. Here the motives for evil will on either side may be briefly stated. Since the murder of Riccio (1566) the Ruthvens had been foes of the Crown. Gowrie's grandfather and father were leaders in the attack on Mary and Riccio; Gowrie's father insulted Queen Mary, while caged in Loch Leven Castle, by amorous advances—so she declares. In 1582 Gowrie's father captured James and held him in degrading captivity. He escaped, and was reconciled to his gaoler, who, in 1584, again conspired, and was executed, while the Ruthven lands were forfeited. By a new revolution (1585–1586) the Ruthvens were reinstated. In July 1593 Gowrie's mother, by an artful ambushade, enabled the Earl of Bothwell again to kidnap the King. In 1594 our Gowrie, then a lad, joined Bothwell in open rebellion. He was pardoned, and in August 1594 went abroad, travelled as far as Rome, studied at Padua, and, summoned by the party of the Kirk, came to England in March 1600. Here he was petted by Elizabeth, then on almost warlike terms with James. For thirty years every treason of the Ruthvens had been backed by Elizabeth; and Cecil, ceaselessly and continuously, had abetted many attempts to kidnap James. These plots were rife as late as April 1600. The object always was to secure the dominance of the Kirk over the King, and Gowrie, as the natural noble leader of the Kirk, was recalled to Scotland, in 1600, by the Rev. Mr. Bruce, the chief of the political preachers, whom James had mastered in 1596–97. Gowrie, arriving, instantly headed the Opposition, and, on June 21, 1600, successfully resisted the King's request for supplies, rendered necessary by his hostile relations with England. Gowrie then left the Court, and about July 20 went to hunt in Atholl; his mother (who had once already lured James into a snare) residing at his Perth house. On August 1 Gowrie warned his mother of his return, and she went to their strong castle of Dirleton, near North Berwick and the sea, while Gowrie came to his Perth house on August 3, it being understood that he was to ride to Dirleton on August 5. Thither he had sent on most of his men and provisions. On August 5, we know, he went on a longer journey.

We have shown that a plot by James is incredible. There is no evidence to prove a plot by Gowrie, beyond the whole nature of the events, and the strange conduct of himself and his brother.

But, if plot he did, he merely carried out, in the interests of his English friends, the traditional policy of his grandfather, his father, his mother, and his ally, Bothwell, at this time an exile in Spain, maturing a conspiracy in which he claimed Gowrie as one of his confederates. While the King was a free man, Gowrie could not hope to raise the discontented barons, and emancipate the preachers—yet more bitterly discontented—who had summoned him home. Let the King vanish, and the coast was clear; the Kirk's party, the English party, would triumph.

The inference is that the King was to be made to disappear, and that Gowrie undertook to do it. Two witnesses—Mr. Cowper, minister of Perth, and Mr. Rhynd, Gowrie's old tutor—averred that he was wont to speak of the need of extreme secrecy 'in the execution of a high and dangerous purpose.' Such a purpose as the trapping of the King by a secret and sudden onfall was the mere commonplace of Scottish politics. Cecil's papers, at this period and later, are full of such schemes, submitted by Scottish adventurers. That men so very young as the two Ruthvens should plan such a device, romantic and perilous, is no matter for marvel.

The plot itself must be judged by its original idea, namely, to lure James to Perth, with only two or three servants, at an early hour in the day. Matters fell out otherwise; but, had the King entered Gowrie House early, and scantily attended, he might have been conveyed across Fife, disguised, in the train of Gowrie as he went to Dirleton. Thence he might be conveyed by sea to Fastcastle, the impregnable eyrie of Gowrie's and Bothwell's old ally, the reckless intriguer, Logan of Restalrig. The famous letters which Scott, Tytler, and Hill Burton regarded as proof of that plot, I have shown, by comparison of handwritings, to be all forged; but one of them, claimed by the forger as his model for the rest, is, I think, a feigned copy of a genuine original. In that letter (of Logan to Gowrie) he is made to speak of their scheme as analogous to one contrived against 'a nobleman of Padua,' where Gowrie had studied. This remark, in a postscript, can hardly have been invented by the forger, Sprot, a low country attorney, a creature of Logan's. All the other letters are mere variations on the tune set by this piece.

A plot of this kind is, at least, not impossible, like the quite incredible conspiracy attributed to James. The scheme was only one of scores of the same sort, constantly devised at that time. The thing next to impossible is that Henderson was left, as he

declared, in the turret, by Ruthven, without being tutored in his rôle. The King's party did not believe that Henderson here told truth; he had accepted the rôle, they said, but turned coward. This is the more likely as, in December 1600, a gentleman named Robert Oliphant, a retainer of Gowrie, fled from Edinburgh, where certain revelations blabbed by him had come into publicity. He had said that, in Paris, early in 1600, Gowrie moved him to take the part of the armed man in the turret; that he had 'with good reason dissuaded him; that the Earl thereon left him and dealt with Henderson in that matter; that Henderson undertook it and yet fainted'—that is, turned craven. Though nine years later, in England, the Privy Council acquitted Oliphant of concealing treason, had he not escaped from Edinburgh in December 1600 the whole case might have been made clear, for witnesses were then at hand.

We conclude that, as there certainly was a Ruthven plot, as the King could not possibly have invented and carried out the affair, and that as Gowrie, the leader of the Kirk party, was young, romantic, and 'Italianate,' he did plan a device of the regular and usual kind, but was frustrated, and fell into the pit which he had digged. But the Presbyterians would never believe that the young leader of the Kirk party attempted what the leaders of the godly had often done, and far more frequently had conspired to do, with the full approval of Cecil and Elizabeth. The plot was an orthodox plot, but, to this day, historians of Presbyterian and Liberal tendencies prefer to believe that the King was the conspirator. The dead Ruthvens were long lamented, and even in the nineteenth century the mothers, in Perthshire, sang to their babes, 'Sleep ye, sleep ye, my bonny Earl o' Gowrie.'¹

¹ The story, with many new documents, is discussed at quite full length in the author's *King James and the Gowrie Mystery*, Longmans, 1902.

ROSE OF THE WORLD.¹

BY AGNES AND EGERTON CASTLE.

CHAPTER IV.

THE chief guest of the Lieutenant-Governor this evening was one Dr. Châtelard, a French *savant* of world-wide reputation, author of 'La Psychologie Féminine des Races.' Scientist—he had begun his career as a doctor, had specialised in nervous complaints, narrowed his circle again to *les névroses des femmes*; and, after establishing a school of his own, had gradually (though scarcely past the middle life) retired from active practice and confined himself to studying, teaching and writing. The first volume of his 'Psychologie'—under the distinctive heading 'La femme Latine'—had created a sensation not only in the scientific world, where the author's really valuable contributions to observation and treatment could not fail to be recognised, but also among that self-same irresponsible yet charming class which formed the subject-matter of his investigation. Here, indeed, the physician's light turn of wit, the palpitating examples he cited, with a discreet use of asterisks, set up a great flutter. *Madame la Marquise* was charmed when she recognised, or believed to recognise, *cette chère Comtesse* in a singularly eccentric case. Friends hunted for each other eagerly through the delicately veiled pages. Now and again a fair whilom patient would plume herself upon the belief that no other identity but her own could fit that of *Madame D—*, *cette exquise sensitive*. (M. Châtelard clung to style while he revolutionised science.) It is no wonder, perhaps, that the book should have had a greater vogue than the last scandalous novel. A second volume, 'L'Orientale,' was in course of conception. Indeed, it was the occasion of that tour in the East which brought M. Châtelard to India and, incidentally, under Sir Arthur Gerardine's roof.

Sir Arthur was in his element. To condescend, to demonstrate, to instruct, was to the Governor as the breath of his nostrils; he prided himself upon the Attic character of his French; he was justly conscious that, judged even by the Parisian standard, the

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urbanity of his manners was beyond criticism. And to have the opportunity of displaying to the intelligent foreigner the splendours of a quasi-regal position, filled to the utmost capacity; the working of a superior mind (not unleavened by sparks of English wit that again need, certes, fear no comparison with French *esprit*); a cosmopolitan *savoir-faire*; the nicest sense of official dignity; the brilliant jargon of a brother writer; and last, but not least perhaps, a young wife of quite extraordinary beauty . . . it would have been difficult to contrive a situation fraught with more satisfaction! The presence of a minor personality, such as that of Major Bethune, was no disturbing factor. Apart from the circumstance that Sir Arthur was large-minded enough to appreciate the admiration even of the humblest, there was a subtle thread of pleasure in the thought that 'poor English's' friend should see and marvel at the good fortune that had fallen to the lot of 'poor English's' widow; while the little halo of pathos and romance surrounding the memory of the fallen hero cast a reflected light upon his distinguished successor, which any temperament so sympathetic as that of the gifted Dr. Châtelard might easily be made to feel. A few well-chosen whispered words of sentiment, over the second glass of claret at dessert—and there would be a pretty paragraph for the Frenchman's next letter to the 'Figaro.' For it was well known that the series of brilliant weekly articles appearing in that paper, under the title 'Les Impressions d'un Globe-trotteur,' emanated from the traveller's facile pen.

Matters had progressed according to programme. M. Châtelard, a pleasant tubby man with a bald head, a cropped pointed beard drawing upon greyness, a twinkling observant eye, a sparkling readiness of repartee, and an appreciative palate, fell duly under the charm of the genial Lieutenant-Governor. The latter figured, indeed, that same night in his manuscript as the most amiable representative of John Bull abroad that the *globe-trotteur* had yet had the good fortune to meet.

'Almost French,' wrote the sagacious correspondent, 'in charm of manner, in quickness of insight—thorough Anglo-Saxon, however, in the deepness of his policy, the solidity of his judgment, the unflinching decision with which he watches over the true interests of his Old England in this land of her ever-rebellious adopted sons. *Bien Anglo-Saxon*, too, in his ceaseless devotion to duty and stern acceptance of danger and responsibility. But he has received his recompense. These provinces of his are a model for all other

colonies, and from one end to the other the name of Sir Gerardine is enough to make, &c., &c.'

In very deed Sir Arthur had never been more brilliant, more convincing.

Coffee was served upon the terrace. Even the Governor could find no objection to this al-fresco adjournment upon such a night. A purple-blue sky throbbled with stars. Upon the one side the lights of the town gleamed, red and orange, far below, and its myriad night clamour seemed to emphasise the apartness of the uplifted palace; upon the other stretched the great flat, fertile, empty lands, still half-flooded, gleaming in the moonlight, widely still save for the occasional far-off cry of some prowling savage animal.

Étrange situation ! (wrote M. Châtelard, in his well-known assertive rhetoric). Nous étions là, élevés au-dessus de la plaine, dans cet antique palais converti en résidence moderne, mais tout imprégné des souvenirs de l'Orientalisme le plus prononcé. A nos pieds grouillait la ville Indoue, intouchable, interchangeable, telle qu'elle avait été avant que le pied du maître étranger y eut pénétré. Appuyé contre la balustrade, de la terrasse je laissais plonger mon regard à travers les ténèbres jusque dans la vallée où luisaient, mystérieuses, innombrables, les lumières de la cité et me disais en moi-même : Nous voici donc, petit comité de la race conquérante qui n'a pourtant pas conquis ; de la civilisation Européenne la plus éclairée qui n'a rien su changer dans le fonds des choses là-bas ! Oui, là-bas, l'Orient va toujours son chemin sinistre et secret, inviolable par l'étranger ; et toujours il en sera ainsi ; toujours ces deux races, destinées à être conjointes sans être unies, traverseront les siècles comme deux courants puissants qui cheminent côte à côte sans jamais mélanger leurs ondes !

While Sir Arthur and his guest exchanged the treasures of their minds with mutual satisfaction, Bethune sought to isolate Miss Cuningham, under the pretext of showing her from a particular corner of the terrace the tents of a new Engineer camp. Baby was nothing loth. Her innocent cherub face looked confidently forth upon him. Her light hair was spangled by the moon rays.

'Well ?' said he, as soon as they were out of ear-shot.

The spangled mop began to fly.

'No use !'

He drew his brows together : 'Did you try ?'

'Did I try ! Of course, at once—yesterday. Did I not promise ?'

The girl was reproachful. 'She forbade me ever to speak of it again.'

Raymond Bethune folded his arms, leaned them upon the balustrade and turned a set profile towards the low hanging moon.

'Then I must try again,' he said, after a pause.

Aspasia wished him to succeed ; but something relentless in his looks filled her with a sort of fear of him, of pity for her aunt. He seemed as indifferent to human emotion, as immutable, she thought, as one of the stone gods that, cross-legged and long-eyed, in unfathomable inner self-satisfaction, had gazed forth from their niches in the temple walls below for unknown centuries upon the passing mortal throng.

Suddenly he turned and left her. Sir Arthur was now pacing the terrace with the globe-trotter, lucidly laying down the law of India, as interpreted by his own sagacity, his smouldering cigar making ruby circles in the night with every wave of an authoritative hand.

The second secretary, Mr. Simpson to wit, was sitting by Lady Gerardine's side, effusively receiving each indifferent phrase that dropped from her lips. As Major Bethune advanced towards them the young civilian rose and drew away, with a crab-like movement, in the direction of the abandoned Baby.

Lady Gerardine clasped her hands together on her knees ; the contraction of her heart, at this man's approach, painted her face ashen even in the pallid light. He took a seat—not Mr. Simpson's lowly stool, but one that placed him on a level with her ; and then there came a little pause between them like the tension of the elements before the break of the storm. She had successfully avoided him the whole evening ; but now she felt that further evasion was useless ; and she waited, collecting her forces for the final resistance.

He went straight to the point :

'I hope you have reconsidered yesterday's decision. Perhaps you do not understand that this is a question of duty with me, of conscience.'

He was trying to speak gently.

'You have no responsibility in the matter,' she answered.

'I cannot accept that point of view,' he said, flashing into icy anger.

She did not reply in words, but rose with a swift haughty movement, unmistakably showing her resolve of closing the discussion once and for ever. But in an instant he was before her, barring her way.

'Major Bethune,' she exclaimed, 'this is persecution !'

The blood rushed to her cheeks, her eyes flashed. For an instant she was roused to superlative beauty. Stronger became

his conviction that here must be more than mere heartless caprice. Something of her emotion gained him.

'If you would only give me a reason!' he cried.

'It is impossible,' she answered quickly. 'Is it a thing to be asked for so easily, this raking up of the past? The past! is it not dead? My God—it is dead! What if I for one will keep it so?'

'That is no reason,' he said cuttingly; 'it is hardly an excuse.'

She passed by him with long swift steps and a rush of silken draperies. And thus, once more baffled, Baby found him, stonily reflecting. She stopped, promptly discarding her meek admirer.

'No success?'

'No success.'

'You had better give it up,' said Aspasia.

'I was never more determined not to give it up.'

Baby looked exceedingly sympathetic, fluffy and engaging: something like a sweet little night-owl, with her round wide eyes and her pursed-up mouth. He suddenly caught one of her hands and held its soft palm closely between his own lean ones:

'Miss Cuningham,' he said in an urgent whisper, 'I know you can help me.'

She stared at him. It would almost seem as if this strange being could read her vacillating thought. He saw her hesitate and bent to look into her eyes, while the pressure of his hand grew closer.

'And if you can help me, you must. Remember your promise.'

'Well, then,' the girl became suddenly breathless, as if she had been running. She looked round over her shoulder: 'I know it's beastly mean of me, but, there—you have only to make Uncle Arthur take it up. . . .'

'Ah!' The teeth shone out in his dark face. 'I understand. Thank you.'

But Baby was already gone. With crimson cheeks and a deep sense of guilt, she was running hastily away from the starry terrace and the great mysterious, jewelled Indian night, into the lighted drawing-room. Here Lady Gerardine was quietly seated alone by a green-shaded lamp, reading her favourite Thoreau. She looked up and smiled at Aspasia's flurried entrance, marked the quivering, flushed face.

'My dear,' she exclaimed, with a vague amused laugh, 'what has

happened? Don't tell me that you have had to box George Murray's ears again!

George Murray was Sir Arthur's first secretary, a young gentleman with a weakness for the fair sex, whose manners and morals had (in spite of M. Châtelard's theories of Western immunity) been considerably affected by the lax atmosphere of India. Aspasia had found it necessary, more than once, to put him in his place; and on the last occasion had confided to her aunt, with a noisy sigh, that if the Leschetizky method was to fail in the glorious musical results for which she had once fondly hoped, it had at least had the advantage of singularly strengthening the muscles of her arm.

She now stretched out her fingers, and, half unconsciously sketched a buffet in the air; then she shook her head:

'Oh, no, indeed! He has not looked the same side of the room as me since Saturday.'

'Poor man, I am not surprised!'

'Serve him right!' said Aspasia, indefinite but vindictive.

'It is not Mr. Simpson, surely?'

'Simpson?' echoed the girl, with supreme contempt, 'that little worm!'

'Who is it, then? For something, or someone, has upset you.'

'Oh, I don't know! It's Major Bethune, I think. I don't believe he's canny. He has got such queer eyes.'

Then, thinking she saw her aunt shudder, she gave her a remorseful hug and flew to the piano to plunge into melodious fireworks.

With a sigh as of one oppressed, Lady Gerardine took up her book again and endeavoured to absorb herself. For years she had successfully cultivated the faculty of leading her mind into peaceful places; but to-night there was no wandering forth with Thoreau's pure ghost into the whispering green woods he loved. Stormy echoes from the past were in her ears; relentless hands were forcing her back into the arid spaces where dwelt the abomination of desolation. Everything seemed to conspire against her, even Aspasia's music.

The girl's fingers had slid into a prelude of Chopin, and the familiar notes which she had been wont to reel off with the most perfect and heartless technique were now sighing—nay, wailing—under her touch.

'Stop!' exclaimed Lady Gerardine, suddenly springing to her feet. 'Oh Baby, even you! What has come into your music

to-night? You have betrayed me!' she said, and bursting into tears, hurried from the room.

The girl's hands dropped in consternation from the keys. Never had she heard before to-day that ring in her aunt's voice, that cry of the soul. She did not dare follow the flying figure. '*You have betrayed me!*' . . . Little, indeed, could the poor soul guess how completely she had been betrayed.

CHAPTER V.

DR. CHÂTELARD expressed his desire to accompany the officer of Guides upon his homeward walk. It was part of his programme to study the lesser as well as the great. And, having to his satisfaction completed his psychological analysis of a ruler in chief, he told himself that half a page or so consecrated to one of the pawns in the great chess game of empire would not be without entertainment to his readers—especially as in the lean taciturn Scotsman he believed to have lighted on the *type le plus net* of the 'Anglo-Saxon' soldier.

With this idea in view he had watched his subject with the keenness of the collector already some time before his departure, and had been interested in a little scene between host and guest. With a purposeful yet respectful stride, Bethune had approached the Governor and addressed him in an undertone. Sir Arthur had listened and responded with urbanity and condescension. Whereupon the officer had bowed in what seemed grateful acknowledgment; and, as he had turned away, the astute Frenchman had thought to read upon his countenance, saturnine as it was, a certain unmistakable satisfaction.

Therefore, when they started on their way down to the town, the traveller could think of no better topic for opening the conversation with his dissimilar companion than praise of the official who had evidently just granted him some important request.

'A charming personality, our host, is he not?'

'No doubt.'

Bethune's tone was discouraging—but these *diables d'Anglo-Saxons* (as M. Châtelard knew) wanted drawing out. So, undauntedly genial, he pursued:

'And one of your great politicians, *hein*? The square man in the square place, as you say.'

This being a mere statement, Bethune did not feel called upon to reply; and M. Châtelard, amazed at a silence which he, with subtlety, interpreted as hostile, was fain to exclaim:

'Is it possible you do not think so?'

'I do not feel myself competent to judge,' said Raymond Bethune.

'My faith,' thought the other, 'we do not make great progress at this rate. Let us try something more intimate. At least, my young friend,' he went on aloud, 'you have, I trust, yourself no cause to be dissatisfied with his Excellency. Some little demand you made of him to-night, did you not? Some matter concerning career, advancement?'

'My career, my advancement, are quite independent of Sir Arthur Gerardine's influence.'

M. Châtelard pondered; was there not certainly something more than British reserve in the almost resentful tone—some deep-lying grudge that it would be piquant to find out?

'Why, then,' he cried, with much artful artlessness of candour. 'Why, see how one can deceive oneself! Just now I would have sworn, from your attitude, despite your national phlegm, that you had solicited and been granted some personal favour.'

'A personal favour, yes. Nothing connected with my service.'

'A personal favour, *hein*?'

'If indeed you would reckon it a favour—a mere act of justice I regard it.'

'Indeed, my dear sir, an act of justice?'

'The whole affair is one that could not interest you, M. Châtelard.'

'My dear young man, all interests me. It is my trade to be interested—always.'

They had reached the end of the palace grounds; and, by the lights of the flaring booths that were plastered against the walls, Bethune halted a second to survey the shrewd, kindly, expressive countenance, quivering with eager curiosity, at his shoulder.

His own features relaxed with that twinkle of the eyes which was his usual approach to a display of amusement. After all, why should he not gratify this note-taking traveller with his tale? There was no mystery about it; and a plain statement of the situation might serve to put in order his own ideas which had been troubled by Lady Gerardine's unreasonable and unexpected attitude.

'My business with Sir Arthur to-night is soon told——' He

broke off abruptly. 'You are, I understand, a sedulous observer: did you happen to take any note of her Excellency the Governor's wife?'

'Did I take any note of——' the sentence escaped M. Châtelard in a breathless way—as if the words had been knocked out of him—and ended in a little squeak. He drew back one step and contemplated the younger man in silence for a perceptible moment. 'Did I notice her Excellency?' he repeated then, in elaborately natural tones. 'Why, my dear fellow, it would mean having no eyes not to notice her—one of the most beautiful women it has ever been my good fortune to see! In fact, to-night, still under the influence of the look in her eyes, I should say, my friend, *the* most beautiful! Lucky dog (as you say) your Governor!'

Bethune threw away the match with which he had been lighting his cigar and blew a contemptuous puff.

'Before she married Sir Arthur,' said he, 'she was the wife of a comrade of mine. It is my desire, it is my intention, to write the life of that comrade. I require the co-operation of Lady Gerardine. She refused it to me. I went to Sir Arthur.'

'You went to Sir Arthur,' repeated the Frenchman, in tones of one almost stunned with amazement.

'Yes,' answered the officer, gravely. 'To make her accede to my request.'

'And he——'

'Oh, he has promised to see that she does so at once.'

For a while M. Châtelard was fain to proceed in silence, words failing him before so extraordinary a situation. As he went he regarded the Englishman with ever-increasing respect, admiration, not to say enthusiasm.

'*Voilà qui est raide . . . voilà qui est fort!*' he was saying to himself. 'Was I not right to tell myself that there was something truly remarkable about this young man? What a drama! What could not our Balzac have made of it! The well-conserved—but elderly, yes, elderly husband; the young, lovely, bored wife—ah, but she bores herself, the young wife! And then this young, handsome, sinister officer who has known her before, loved her it is clear from the first—the wife of his comrade! He comes to her with a plan . . . a plan of an astuteness to deceive an angel. But the woman who loves is never deceived. Because she loves him, she reads his heart. Virtuous, she refuses. . . . They are both young, she knows her weakness. She bores herself, yes, she bores herself, but she refuses.'

And he, what does he do, the young, silent, determined adorer? My faith, it is the simplicity of genius: he goes to the old husband, that the old husband may order her to yield to his scheme. And the husband—and this is the strangest part of it all—what does he say? Oh, it is simple, simple in the extreme. He promises to do so at once. What a story! And my friend here, under the starlight, qualifies it in three words: "No favour—justice." It is of a cynicism! Yet yonder he stands, as grave and cold as a judge. Poor Sir Gerardine. But here is a young man who will make his way—and, for the psychologist, what a study!

'My faith,' said he aloud, 'but you have courage, sir.'

'Courage?'

'Ah, you thought I did not notice Lady Gerardine! I will tell you something—as one man to another—she is one who will not make her lover's task easy to him, nor amusing, hey! With her it will be all or nothing: the grand passion. Ah, my gallant friend, believe the word of one who has had experience in these matters! Avoid the grand passion, for it's what makes cinders of our manhood.'

It was Bethune's turn to halt amazed.

'I beg your pardon,' he exclaimed. 'But are you warning me against falling in love with Lady Gerardine?' Then, overcome with the humour of the idea, he threw back his head and gave vent to his short laugh.

In this laugh, however, M. Châtelard's acumen was pleased to discover a concentrated bitterness; in the touch upon his arm, a menace to the interferer.

'Nay, heaven forbid!' he cried, dropping the personal tone with a hasty return to natural good-breeding. 'It only struck me, sir, that your programme was a little dangerous. And for one like myself, who has made a study of women, Lady Gerardine is a type—a type rare, fortunately, perhaps, for the peace of the world, but, heavens, of what palpitating allurements when one does come across it!'

'A type of a very selfish woman,' said Bethune, shortly. And this time the physician was not far wrong in noting bitterness in his tone. 'As cold as a stone, I should say, and as self-centred as a cat.'

'Self-centred, I grant you. But cold?' screamed the Frenchman.

'As cold at heart as she is white in face,' said Harry English's comrade.

'White? so is the flame at its intensest! Cold? With that glow in her hair? With that look in the eyes—those lips? Touch that coldness and you will burn to the bone. Ah, it is not the old husband that will feel that fire! But the fire is there, all the fiercer for being concentrated. Ah, when she lets herself go, her Excellency, it will be terrible—it will be grand! There are conflagrations which make the very skies grow red.'

'My way branches off, here,' interrupted Bethune, drily, 'and yonder are the lights of your hotel. Good-night.'

He shook hands loosely and was gone before the globe-trotter, interrupted in full eloquence, had had time to lay hold of his formal French manner for the farewell ceremony.

'I have pressed him a little too closely,' he thought, as he stood watching the soldierly figure swing away from light to darkness, down the narrow street dotted with gaudy booths. 'He is already on the fatal slope. . . . I must not let the end of this drama escape me.'

Raymond Bethune, as he strode along, laughed to himself at 'the French Johnny's' nonsense. Nevertheless a phrase or two seemed to circle in his mind round the baffling image of his friend's widow like a flight of birds round the head of a sphinx: 'White? so is the flame at its intensest. Cold? Touch that coldness and be burned to the bone . . .'

CHAPTER VI.

THE walls of Lady Gerardine's room glowed like the page of an old missal, with carmine and cobalt blue, with beetle-wing purples and greens. It was a columned and arched apartment in the wing of the modernised palace which yet remained as the last dusky prince had left it. Here Sir Arthur's improving hand had been so far stayed.

Lady Gerardine sat in silence while the ayah brushed her hair. Though no word had passed between them, the woman, inarticulately, as a dog may, felt that her mistress's heart was troubled. And, while her dark fingers moved among the gleaming strands, they trembled a little with a vague anxiety. Jani had been Rosamond's first and only nurse. It was to the faithful breast that had practically given her life that the young widow had clung in the hour of bereavement. This creature, who could not reason but only feel, had been then the sole presence she could endure. To the

house of altered fortunes, from comparative poverty into the almost queenly state of Lady Gerardine, the woman had accompanied her mistress, rejoicing; bringing with her the same atmosphere of unreasoning, almost animal devotion.

How much did she understand, this secret, dark-minded, dark-faced old Hindoo? More, perhaps, about her white child than Rosamond knew herself! But her theories of what was good for her mistress had not changed since the days when she had ministered to her with gaudy toys, scraps of gilt paper, and luscious Indian sweets.

Sir Arthur's step, the resonant step of the master, rang on the marble without. The ayah imperturbably continued to wield her brush. The faint tension that came over Lady Gerardine's figure was familiar to her, but evoked no sympathy; children and women know not what is their real good, in the Hindoo's opinion; the Lieutenant-Governor was a great and good lord, and her Ladyship's jewels were even nobler than the Ranee's.

'Tired, Rosamond?' cried Sir Arthur breezily. 'I was sorry, my dear, that you could not wait to bid good-night to our guests. But I made it all right; I made it all right. Another time, love, you will consult me, before retiring. Governor's wife, you know . . . *noblesse oblige*, eh? Well, well, let it pass! My dear child, the garden window open upon you, at this hour! We shall have you down with fever as sure as fate.' He clucked disapprovingly. 'Will you never learn sense?'

Rosamond stood up.

'Pull the blinds, Jani.'

She came forward into the centre of the room, so strange a presence, with the long yellow tresses, the white skin, the tall proportions of her northern womanhood, in this haunt of oriental splendour, still peopled, one would think, with the small ghosts of bygone brown beauties.

Through the door left open by Sir Arthur the sound of the fountain playing in the great inner baths fell soothingly on the ear. A breeze gently swayed the scented matting blinds to and fro and brought in gusts of Eastern airs to their nostrils, spiced, heavy, dreamy. From below, where lay the town, rose rumours of revel—the poignant twang of the ghiter, the plaint of the reed, the dry sob of the tom-tom. The whole atmosphere within and without was an appeal to the emotions, to the senses; the very touch of the

night wind a velvet-soft caress. A night, surely, when but to be alive was in itself a boon ; when to be young and beautiful should mean joy. The appeal of it clamoured to Rosamond Gerardine's dormant soul, troubled this day to the core of its self-imposed slumber by the insistent voices of the past. She turned cold with a stony prescience of evil. If she might not sleep through life, then must she wish herself dead.

'I am very tired,' she said to her husband, with a note of unconscious pleading in her voice. 'I am going to bed; excuse me to all our guests.'

'Oh, every one has gone!' said the Lieutenant-Governor.

He threw himself luxuriously upon the settee and stretched his arms over the piled cushions with the gesture of the man at home in his wife's room.

'Sit here, dear.'

She took place beside him. He lifted a coil of her hair and played with it admiringly. The ayah drew back into the arched recess of the window and stood immobile, the silver brush gleaming in her dark hand.

'Bethune tells me, Rosamond,' said Sir Arthur, rolling the soft hair round his finger, 'that he wants you to help him with a life of poor English.' Rosamond looked at her husband, the light of pleading in her eyes died down into dull misery. 'I understand, dear, that you have made some objection; but, as I have said to him, it is our duty, my dear Rosamond, our duty, to see that the memory of the poor fellow should get proper recognition. A very distinguished young soldier,' said Sir Arthur, with benevolence, 'it would certainly ill-become me to put any difficulty in the way. So I have promised——'

She started away from him with an involuntary movement; the twist of hair in Sir Arthur's fingers plucked her back. She gave a cry:

'Oh, you have hurt me!'

He was full of solicitous apology; kissed her hand, patted her head. But she, still drawing from him, gazed at him with the eyes of a woman in fever.

'You have hurt me,' she repeated, in a whisper.

'Of course,' proceeded her lord and master, with fresh gusto, 'I can quite understand, dear, that you should shrink a little from the business. It would naturally be a slightly painful one. Your social duties occupy you a good deal, and——' he tenderly pulled

her ear, 'you have not much inclination for literary labour, have you? Therefore, my love, overworked as I am, I have resolved to take the matter into my own hands. In fact, I have actually promised Major Bethune that I will be responsible for the task.'

'You!'

Her pale lips laughed silently.

'Yes, I myself.' He rubbed his hands and nodded. 'I shall make the time, my love.'

'You?' she repeated, and rose stiffly to her feet. 'No.'

'My dear Rosamond!'

It had come upon her, after all. Here would no refusal serve her any more, no strength of determination, no piteousness of pleading. Before this smiling self-confidence of will what resistance could avail? It is the relentless trickle that wears the stone.

'No hands but mine, at least. No eyes but mine!'

'My dear child!'

'One would have thought that my wishes would be paramount in the matter; but you drive me, all of you. Have your way.'

'You amaze me—this is childish, unreasonable!'

She stared vacantly before her.

'Kismet!' she said. 'It is fate—I will do it.'

'I have never heard such nonsense in my life.'

'But at least,' her eyes shot flame upon him, 'let no one talk of laying a hand upon these things. Good God, they, at least, are mine!'

Sir Arthur rose also, too bewildered still to be able to grasp the full measure of the offence.

'You are certainly very strange to-night, Rosamond,' he exclaimed with testy anxiousness. 'Not yourself at all. I feel convinced you have a touch of fever.'

He stretched out his fingers for her pulse. Quickly she evaded his touch.

'Write to that man,' she said, enunciating her words with painful distinctness, 'tell him that he has gained his point.'

Ignoring the unbecoming and extraordinary situation of having a command issued to himself in such imperious tones from his wife's lips, Sir Arthur moved in high dudgeon towards the door.

'I insist upon your taking an effervescing draught at once. And to-morrow I shall certainly call in Saunders to see you. Jani, your mistress must go to bed.'

The door fell back. Rosamond sank down once more on the

settee and sat, with her elbows on her knees, her chin on her clasped hands, staring at the marble floor, long, long into the night, while Jani waited and never even moved a finger.

CHAPTER VII.

If sleep came at all to Rosamond that night, it came with no refreshment of forgetfulness, but rather with an increase of inner struggle. Hour merged into hour until even the noisy Indian town fell into some kind of silence ; but the voices in her troubled soul ceased not their clamour.

Why should she be made to do this thing, she who had asked so little of life ; who had, indeed, deliberately fashioned life for herself so that it should give her but one boon—quietude ? Her pulses throbbed as if with that fever which the solicitous husband had prognosticated. How dared they ?

Then, reason took the cold grey eye, the cold reproachful tone of Major Bethune, to ask her, Had she the right to refuse ? And fate seemed to assume the kindly handsome smiling countenance of Sir Arthur, to assure her that it must be. Who knew as well as she that it was vain to struggle against any fiat of his ? And then, once more, every fibre of her being, every energy of her soul, started in revolt.

The tom-tom beat below in the town a mocking refrain to her anguish. And, without the walls, the pariah dogs howled and fought, snarling, and wrangled, growling. She slid into snatches of horrid slumber, in which the contending elements in her soul seemed to take tangible form. But with the dawn a change came upon her. She awoke from one of these interludes in which she had after all glided to unconsciousness ; the tension had become relaxed ; there was one clear purpose in her mind :

She would not do it !

Reason now no longer appeared under an enemy's shape, but came like a friend to her pillow and whispered words of soothing. They had no right to ask it of her. No power on earth could force her to it. All that the world had the claim to know about Harry English, his comrades, his friend, those that had been beside him in his glorious fight against destiny, could give to it. What concerned the man, apart from the soldier ; what concerned that inner life, had been hers alone. What sense of justice could there be in

the demand that she should break through the deliberate seal of years, stultify the intention of a whole existence, at the bidding of an overbearing young man, of a pragmatic old one? Once, for a little while, life had held for her mysterious possibilities—sweet, but no more unfolded than the bud in the narrow sheath. Was she now to tear apart these reserves, close-folded, leaf upon leaf, dissect the ‘might-have-been’ till her heart’s blood ran? No, a hundred times! And then, upon the strength of this decision, the habitual long-cultivated calmness came floating back to her. She lay and gazed at the shafts of light as they filtered in through the blinds and fell in crosses and bars upon the marble floor. From their first inroad, when they had seemed but the laying of shadow upon shadow, to the awakening of colour in and under them, she watched them with wide-open yet dreamy eyes.

All the night she had battled with the nightmare horror. Now, with the dawn, came peace: not the peace of acceptance, but cessation of feeling. She mused and pleased her mind on the mere feast of sight, as, bit by bit, in the familiar places, the tints of her wonderful missal-page room returned to existence for her eye; here the turquoise-blue inlay, with its cool stripe of black and white, there a lance of rose-crimson on the tessellated wall, glowing like the dawn itself amid the surrounding gloom. Across the light shafts of the garden window, there was a dance of flickering leaf shadows. And this greenness set her mind wandering, not in the over-luxuriant, untranquil, full-blossomed Indian garden, but into cool dim English spaces—into some home wood where harebells grew sparsely and the dew glittered grey on bramble-brake and hollow; where last year’s leaves lay thick and all the air was full of the scent of the honest, clean, wholesome soil of England.

And as she dreamed her placid waking dream, morning life in the Governor’s palace began to stir about her. Already from the town below the too brief hour of stillness had been some time broken. But these outlandish sounds: the cry of the water-carriers and camel-drivers, the jingle of cow-bells, the blast of the shepherd’s horn, the brazen gong of the temple, had not really broken in upon her thoughts: they had formed rather a background, vague and distant, haunting the sweetness of her far wanderings.

Now, however, as the house itself became awake, creepingly, with slinking feet, she called upon sleep again for fear once more of what the day would bring her.

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One came and bent over her, holding his breath. And she feigned unconsciousness. And then she heard him withdraw on exaggerated tiptoe. And next entered the ayah with her tea—Jani, the ayah, who flung wide the windows on the garden side.

Early as it was the lilies were throwing up incense to the rising sun-god; it gushed into the room as upon the swing of a censer. And, turning her languid eyes, Rosamond saw how, in the fresh little breeze, the great green banana-leaves waved to and fro across her window against a sky of quivering silver.

When Jani returned to the bed, Rosamond handed her the empty cup with a smile. But as Jani took it she looked at her mistress keenly; and, after a second or two, stretched out a stealthy hand and touched the forehead under the masses of golden hair, still heavy from the night sweat. The fair brow was cool enough—there was no trace of the ever-dreaded fever in the encircled eyes or on the smooth white face; only the weariness of a long night-watch. But Jani shook her head to herself as she withdrew with her tray; and, meeting Miss Aspasia at the door, she was all for forbidding her entrance. But that young lady was not of those who are turned from their path.

‘Don’t be a goose, Jani!’ cried she briskly. ‘If you can see Aunt Rosamond, why should not I?’ She ducked nimbly under the white-draped forbidding arm, as she spoke. ‘And she is not a bit asleep; her eyes are as wide awake as anything.’

Too strainedly awake, one more versed in the reading of the human countenance might well have deemed. But the last thing Aspasia sought in life was its subtlety. Rosy and fresh from her bath, her crisp hair crinkled into tighter curls than ever and still beaded here and there with the spray of her energetic ablutions, as she stood in the square of green light, wrapping her pink cambrie dressing-gown tightly round her pretty figure, she was as pleasant to look upon as an English daisy. Lady Gerardine smiled more brightly.

‘It’s a glorious morning, Aunt Rosamond. Are not you going to ride?’

‘Not this morning.’

‘Aren’t you well?’ Aspasia sat down on the side of the bed and took her Aunt’s hands into her firm grasp. There was a conscience-stricken anxiety in the girl’s eyes.

‘Quite well; but I slept badly.’

Baby felt the beat of a slow pulse under her fingers. Relieved

but still weighted with a sense of guilt, she bent to kiss the face on the pillow. Lady Gerardine turned her cheek with that tolerant submission to caress that she was wont to display. Then she drew her hands away and gently pushed Aspasia from her.

'Go and dress, you will be late. And tell your Uncle that I am trying to sleep.'

Still Aspasia hesitated. She would have liked to confess her last night's treachery and be forgiven. But Lady Gerardine, who was never a very approachable person, seemed this morning more distant than ever. And catching sight of the dancing leaves outside, the girl felt the joy of the young day suddenly seize her spirit. She shuffled gaily across the room in her heel-less slippers.

'I'll tell Runkle you're sound asleep and he must not disturb you,' she announced with cheerful mendacity, 'otherwise you'll have him prowling in and thrusting that thermometer down your throat.'

Lady Gerardine laughed a little, but made no protest.—That thermometer!

Then she turned her head and fell to watching the garden window again, glad when across the open spaces she heard at last the crisp repeated rhythm of the horses' feet draw close and ring sharp, as the cavalcade moved up the road by the garden walls, and drop away in the distance.

When Aspasia returned from her ride she found her aunt seemingly in the same attitude; the long white hands folded, she could have sworn, exactly as she had last seen them; the deep-dreaming eyes still gazing out of the window.

'I declare,' cried the girl, 'you lazy thing!' but there was still a shade of uneasiness in her voice and in her glance. 'Are not you ashamed of yourself?'

'Not at all,' said Rosamond, 'I've had a very happy time. And you?'

'Hot, hot,' said Aspasia, flinging her Panama hat across the room and rubbing her forehead. Her cheeks had grown pale and there were moist dark rings round her eyes.

'I have had the better part, I think,' said Lady Gerardine.

'Not you,' said Baby, as she dumped her solid weight on her favourite corner of the bed. 'It's been delightful, delicious. I've never enjoyed a ride so much.' Her bright hazel gaze misted over

in remembrance. 'Oh dear,' said she, 'how can you lie there! You're quite young, Aunt Rosamond, but I think your idea of happiness is like a cat's. You just like to sit still and blink and think. And even the cats romp about—at night,' she added, parenthetically.

'Oh, I don't even think, or care to think much,' said the other in that indulgent half-playful manner which she reserved for her niece, to whom she talked more as if she were five years old than eighteen. 'While you were out I let my soul swing on that great green leaf over there by the window. Do you see it, Baby? It is beginning to catch a ray of sunlight now and shines like a golden emerald.'

'Gracious!' cried the girl.

'I think it is partly,' said Rosamond, pursuing her own thoughts, 'because of this vivid passionate land, where everyone lives so intensely. No wonder, poor things, their ideal of complete happiness over here is Nirwana! I am glad, Baby, that we shall soon be in our placid England again, where people go from the cradle to the grave, quietly as along a grey road green-hedged, from a cottage gate to a sleeping churchyard.'

'I am glad, too, we are going to England,' cried Aspasia, catching up one phrase of her aunt's speech and neglecting the main idea. 'I met Major Bethune, this morning,' she said, half-bashful, half-defiant, 'and he's going home on leave, too.'

Lady Gerardine's eyelids drooped, just enough to veil her glance. She lay quite still, without even a contraction of the fingers that rested upon the sheet. Baby peeped at her in a sidelong, bird-like way, and felt inexplicably uncomfortable. She babbled on, stumbling over her words:

'He was riding such a brute of a horse, and sat it like a centaur—or whatever you call the thing. You never saw such an eye as the creature had; one of those raw chestnuts, you know, with a neck that goes up in the air and seems to hang loose. And he sat, just with the grip of his knees, you know. He is as thin as—as——' Simile was not Aspasia's strong point; she broke off. 'You are not listening to a word I am saying.' She swung her legs pettishly, in the short linen habit.

'I heard,' said Rosamond, without lifting her eyes. 'I heard very well.'

'I'll go and take a bath,' said Aspasia, sliding off the bed, and pausing for the expected protest. Aspasia's habit of plunging into

water four or five times a day was a matter of perpetual household oburgation.

'Yes—I'm simply made of dust!' She moved towards the door. Still her aunt lay, fair and white and still. It seemed to the girl, scarcely even breathing.

'Do you know, Runkle's new secretary has come. The famous new Indian secretary—the pure native spring, you know,' she cried, with a childish effort at dispelling that uncanny supineness. 'He gave me an awful fright.'

The long drooped lids flickered with a swift upward look of unseeing pupils.

'Fright! Why?'

'Oh! I don't know. It was fearfully silly of me. As I was coming along your passage, just now, I saw a hand hold back the curtain for me. I thought it was that Simpson. And as I bounced through I nearly fell into his arms—and found it was a black man—ugh! The famous new secretary, in fact. He stood like a stock, and I squeaked in my usual way. And then he smiled. I don't like Indians much, but that's a fine handsome fellow. Looks like a Sikh—I'm boring you. I'm off. Lord, here's Runkle! Runkle, I'm going to have a bath.'

She turned with gusto to fling her little glove of defiance afresh in the newcomer's face—and this time was not disappointed of the effect.

'My dear Aspasia!'

'Only number two.'

'It's not that you've not been warned. . . .'

The wrangle of words rose in the air, to end in the inevitable mutual iterations: 'Don't say you've not been warned, my dear Aspasia,' and 'Don't care, Runkle, I'm going to have a bath.'

'I am afraid Aunt Rosamond's not well,' was Aspasia's somewhat spiteful parting shot, as she slipped out behind the door hangings.

'Not well!'

With his short quick step Sir Arthur came to the bedside.

'Would you mind,' said his wife, 'getting Jani to pull the blinds again; the light is growing too strong?'

She wanted the shadows about her, for the struggle was coming, and she felt in her heart that she was doomed to lose. Sir Arthur attended to the detail himself, then hurried back.

'Fever? No.' Even he could scarcely insist upon this with

his stubby finger upon that pulse, the pulse of a life that found itself just now an infinite fatigue. 'Below par! I wish, dear, you would for once pay some attention to what I say. It is not that I have any desire to find fault with you, my love, but how many times must I represent to you that it is important to get the early freshness of the day in this climate, and take your rest later?'

'Yes,' said Rosamond.

She lay waiting for the dreaded blow to fall. It was not long delayed.

'It is high time, indeed, that we should all have a change,' pursued the Lieutenant-Governor.

He still held her hand in his and looked down complacently to see how white it lay, in the shaded room, upon his broad palm: how slight a thing, how delicately shaped, with taper fingers and filbert nails. The great man had chosen her in the zenith of his life and success because of her beauty. She had little birth to boast of, and no fortune. But it pleased him at every turn to trace in her those points which are popularly supposed to belong only to the patrician.

'It is high time,' said Sir Arthur, turning the passive hand to gaze at a palm no deeper tinted than is the pale blush of mother-of-pearl, 'that we should get back to England for a while. And, by the way, that young man, Bethune of the Guides, poor English's friend—you know, my love—has dear Aspasia told you? We met him this morning; he is also going to travel home very shortly.'

'So Aspasia told me.'

'I have advised him to wait for our boat. A good plan, don't you think? We could be talking over that biography together—*pour passer le temps*—eh, my dear?'

'*Pour passer le temps.*'

'Yes. I informed Major—ah—Bethune, that you had some idea about preferring to do this little matter yourself. As I said to Bethune: "I am willing to undertake it for her; but in this, she she must be free—quite free."'" He paused upon the generous concession. Her lips moved.

'What did you say?' he asked.

She had but repeated, in the former mechanical manner: 'Quite free.' Now, however, she altered her phrase. Through all the clamour of the inner storm there had pierced the consciousness of his irritable self-esteem on the verge of offence.

'Thank you,' said she.

'I am particularly anxious,' resumed Sir Arthur, squaring his fine shoulders and inflating his deep chest, 'that there should be no hitch in this affair. It would ill become me, as I said to Bethune, me of all men, to place any difficulty in the way of a memorial to poor English. I am sure you understand me in this, my love!'

He bent his handsome grey head and kissed her hand with a conscious old-world grace. The sentiment he was delicately endeavouring to convey was truly a little difficult to put into definite language; and Sir Arthur had too much tact to attempt it. It might be transcribed thus: 'If that excellent young man, your first husband, had not so obligingly left the world, I should not be standing in this present satisfactory position with regard to yourself.' And if he were grateful to Captain English, how much more so ought she—Lady Gerardine—to be on the same account? He was a little shocked that she should not have shown more alacrity to do justice to the worthy fellow's memory.

'Well, my dear,' said Sir Arthur jocosely, after a pause, 'I must not waste much more time in this flirtation. I have a busy morning before me. A very busy morning.' He drew a long breath, to end up with a satisfied sigh. 'And, by the way, my new secretary has come. A capable fellow he seems! Quite extraordinarily well educated. Speaks English perfectly. Caste business will be a bit of a nuisance, of course. Will have to feed apart, and all that nonsense. Strange creatures, are not they? But he's worth it. Well, we shall see you at tiffin.'

The observation was an order, and Rosamond assented to it as such. Short of actual illness, when the precautions surrounding her would have been of the most minute, not to say wearisome nature, the wife of the Lieutenant-Governor was expected to fulfil the duties of her state of life to the last detail.

'And it's quite settled,' added Sir Arthur lightly, 'that you intend to supply the material Bethune requires yourself.'

She sat up in bed, with a sudden fierce movement. And, catching her head in her hands, turned a white desperate face upon him.

'Yes, yes,' she cried, 'Oh God, yes!'

Sir Arthur was amazed. So much so, indeed, that even as last night, amazement superseded his very natural vexation.

'Why, Rosamond! Really, my love. I am afraid, my love, that Aspasia is right, that you are not well. This is the second

time in twenty-four hours that you have answered me in this—in really, what I may call—quite with temper, in fact. I'm afraid, dear, that you cannot be well. I shall certainly request Saunders to look in this evening.'

Lady Gerardine fell back upon her pillow and then, lifting the heavy mass of her hair, swept it across her face like a sheltering wing, as if, even in the dim room, she could not endure the gaze of human eyes upon her. Sir Arthur, for all his science of life, could not but own to himself that he was nonplussed. He shrugged his shoulders. Fortunately, sensible men were not expected to understand the whims of the charming but irresponsible sex. Rosamond was evidently *not* the thing, and therefore was to be indulgently excused. In spite of which philosophic conclusion his attitude towards his secretaries and other subordinates that morning was marked with unwonted asperity.

'Something's turned our seraphic old ass a trifle sour,' Mr. George Murray remarked to his junior, with a grin.

Under the veil of her hair Rosamond would have called, if she could, on all the shades of the world to come and cover her; would have gladly sunk under them, away from the light of life and the pain of living, somewhere where all would be dark and all quiet, where she might be forgotten—and allowed to forget.

(To be continued.)

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